

Sports Illustrated



JUL 1972 60 CENTS

SENSATION IN SILKS

JOCKEY ROBYN SMITH

HALF CAR.



HALF TRUNK.



We'll begin on the assumption that people don't buy little cars to do a lot of heavy hauling.

To save money, yes.
To save gas, of course.
To save space, obviously.
And, to enjoy.

But what if somebody came along with a little car that does all those things and also throws in an enormous amount of load-space in the bargain?

You'd have a very popular little car. A Vega Hatchback, in other words. Fold down the back seat and approximately half the car turns trunk, easy to get at through that handy high-rise hatch.

Why, a young dentist wrote to tell us that he drove coast to coast with all his worldly possessions stashed inside his Hatchback.

Vega: The little car that does everything well.



Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.

Highway mileage begins at home. Buckle up before you leave.

Mama taught me it takes more than a towel to really get dry.

It's hard to imagine, but Harmon Killebrew was once a tiny little baby. After his bath, his mother would sprinkle JOHNSON'S Baby Powder all over his little body. That pure white powder would help dry up the moisture his towel left behind,

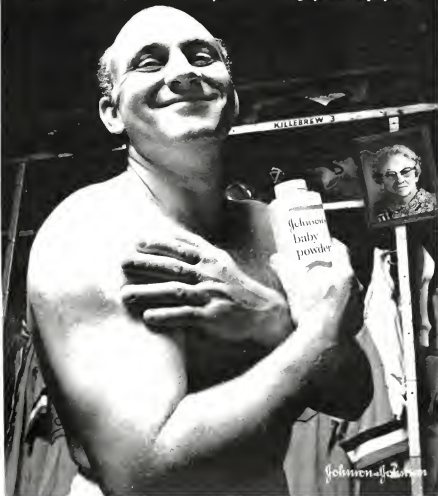
leaving Harmon cool and comfortable all over.

It must have made a lasting impression. Because Harmon Killebrew still dries himself off with JOHNSON'S Baby Powder. It gets him drier than just a towel. And

helps him stay crisp and cool.

JOHNSON'S Baby Powder. It keeps you comfortable whether you're a tiny little baby or a 210-pound 'Killer.'

JOHNSON'S Baby Powder.
It gets you drier than just your towel.



Johnson-Johnson

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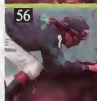
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Credits on page 67

Next week

GALAXIES OF ALL STARS from the worlds of baseball and football, holding their extravaganzas for the first time in the same week, will be covered by fast-moving Ros Futriss.

THE WINDED RACERS of Indy are ready to roll again, this time around Pennsylvania's Pocono Speedway. Robert F. Jones will be at trackside to report all 500 fast miles.

FIVE ADVENTURES in Costa Rica are highlighted by a boat that would make *The African Queen* look real, a shocking night of the iguana and some other strange sports of sorts.

1



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Maybe that's why a Volkswagen that survives the factory holds up so well when you go to sell it.

In fact, based on what's happened over the last 3 or 4 years, no other economy car brings you a bigger return on your investment than a Volkswagen Beetle.†

You see, it's easy to build a car that looks nice in a showroom.

The trick is to build one that still looks worthwhile on a used car lot.



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Which of these cities has the highest divorce rate?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

Los Angeles is the biggest unhitching post. It ranks number one among these seven cities in number of divorces per 1000 population. But San Francisco and Chicago aren't far behind.

What's happening?

Some say a sexual revolution. Certainly new social trends. Whatever the reasons, the ratio of divorces to marriages in the United States has now reached an all-time high of more than 40 percent.*

And because there's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these cities, it's part of our responsibility to the 60 million people who live where we live to report it. To probe and dissect what's altering so many lives for better or worse.

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*Based on the average number of divorces 1969-71 computed to marriages seven years earlier (the median duration of marriages ending in divorce is seven years)
Source: Bureau of Census, U.S. Department of Commerce, Public Health Service,
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To any groom who sees himself as strictly background material.

To any groom who's ever said, "What's the difference how I look? Nobody notices the groom, anyway."

Nobody notices the groom? We've been renting tuxedos for a long time now. And we're here to tell you somebody does notice the groom.

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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THE CRYSTAL COMPUTER

After five months with a computer, Arnold J. Soolman, a systems analyst from Brookline, Mass. and a baseball fan as well, has come up with some unexpected conclusions.

For one, he has discovered that instead of being "75%" of baseball, "pitching and fielding combined never have been more than 54.9% of the game. Other tidbits:

The 1939 New York Yankees comprised the most talented team of all time (Joe DiMaggio, Charlie Keller, Tommy Henrich, Bill Dickey, Lou Gehrig, Joe Gordon, Frank Crosetti, Red Rolfe, Red Ruffing, Lefty Gomez, Spud Chandler, Johnny Murphy *et al.*).

The other greatest teams (in order): 1902 Pittsburgh Pirates, 1927 Yankees, 1936 Yankees, 1906 Chicago Cubs, 1937 Yankees, 1942 Yankees, 1929 Philadelphia Athletics, 1944 St. Louis Cardinals.

The worst teams in history were the 1915 Philadelphia A's and the 1932 Red Sox.

Don't argue with Soolman. To arrive at his sometimes startling conclusions he examined the records of every one of the 1,166 major league teams from 1901 through 1970 and took into account the special factors in the dead-ball era (1901-20), the prewar lively ball era (1921-45), the postwar preexpansion era (1946-60) and the modern expansion era (1961-70).

He then used plain and simple, if a bit old-fashioned, multi-variate linear regression analysis.

KEEPING UP WITH BORIS

Now that Bobby Fischer has settled down to play chess in his championship series with Boris Spassky (the American has won three and drawn one in the last four games), the matches have truly begun to catch on. Because of legal problems, television coverage has been restricted to a makeshift network of educational TV outlets in the Northeast (New York City, Rochester and Bos-

ton), but prospects are good that the show will go national very soon.

WNBT (Channel 13), which carries the games in the New York City area, reports a phenomenal response. The audience for the second game was twice as large as for the first, and has been growing. A station spokesman said preliminary Nielsen ratings indicated a daytime audience of about one million. "We are getting upward of 300 calls a day from homes, offices and bars," she said. "Some people call from their offices, where they don't even have a television set, just to get the last move. There must be a lot of people out there playing these games on their own boards."

The programs feature a play-by-play account relayed by AP wire and telephone from Iceland to New York to Albany, where WNBT produces the shows. Chess Master Shelby Lyman and a team of studio experts do the commentary and analyses, with occasional assistance by phone from the masters at Manhattan's Marshall Chess Club.

There is a charmingly amateur quality to the telecasts, with a lot of cross-chatter and kibitzing between Lyman and his studio panel, periods of dead air whenever a game situation stumps the experts and an aura of electric expectancy whenever the simulated teletype chatters out the latest move from Reykjavik.

If chess can catch on as a spectator sport, maybe those let's-speed-up-baseball advocates will shut up at last.

WHO NEEDS MONEY?

The barrier system used to be an accepted way of paying one's bills in this country. Although it has gone out of fashion here, it survives in Mexico.

Municipal authorities in Tlaxcala have announced that they will accept lighting bills as tax payments. The bulls will be used for municipal festivals.

In the U.S. the Internal Revenue Service will accept no bull on income tax returns.

SIMEN SONG

Those wily Texas Parks and Wildlife biologists who have been using horseflies as hypodermic needles (SI, July 24) now are fooling fish as well as highborn sheep. By using recordings of ultrasonic mating calls, they hope to cull trash species such as carp from crowded waters. Experiments demonstrated that fish swim toward the mating calls. When several species were placed in the same large tank and specific calls were played simultaneously from different points around the tank, the species polarized,



each responding to its own love call. The biologists expect to use the technique in the wild, removing the trash fish as they pontingly assemble around an underwater loudspeaker.

NO "YELLOW" FOR USER

He has come closer than any other driver to clocking 200 mph on an oval auto racing track, and so Bobby Unser reacted as one might suspect when the U.S. Auto Racing Club announced plans to slow down its championship race cars.

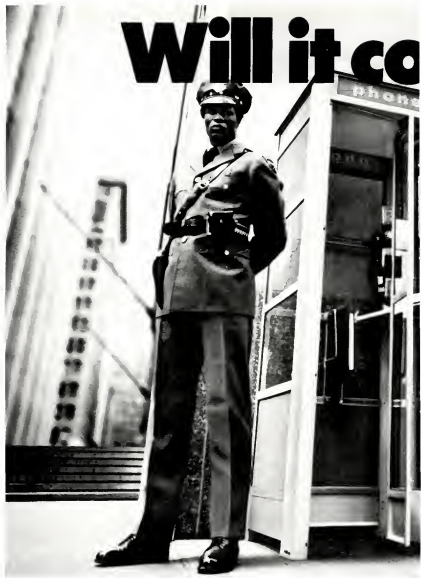
"These rules," he said, "are made by cigar-smoking, martini-sipping officials who sit behind desks but have never driven a race car."

"Cars are safer than ever now, and Indy-type racing is safer than any kind in the world. We're having less accidents than ever, but all these guys can think about is slowing down."

Bobby, who has shattered several world records with his Ohlson Eagle, topped that by setting an alltime

continued

Will it co



me to this?

A stuffed coin slot. A dangling cord with the receiver cut off. A jimmied coin box. A receiver with the transmitter removed. A dial with the face ripped off.

These are just some of the things we find when we go around checking our public phones. And we're not the nation's only telephone company. Altogether, some 11,000 pay phones in this country are out of commission every day.

It really bothers us.

We don't like losing income from pay phones that don't work, and we don't like spending money to replace damaged equipment. What bothers us even more is that phone service becomes unavailable, not just to people who want it, but to people who might desperately need it.

We're working hard to solve the problem.

Our program of improving the lighting in and around phone booths has met with some success; vandals don't like light.

Our open-style phone booths deter tampering, but in bad weather they don't give as much protection as we'd like to people or equipment.

Our new, tamper-proof coin phone, complete with bent coin release and armored cable, has been the most successful improvement of all.

You can help too by letting us know when you come across a pay phone that's out of order.

That we can fix.

The only thing we can't fix, change or improve is a willfully destructive human being, and that's what bothers us most of all.

We have no answer to "Will it come to this?" and we wish we didn't have to ask the question.

GTE

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

one-lap mark of 196.678 mph this year. The proposed changes call for reducing allowable engine size on overhead cam turbo-charged engines from 161 cu. in. to 140. This would cripple power plants that now dominate competition.

Another proposal would limit the amount of fuel used in all USAC races, rather than just Indy, Pocono and Ontario, Calif.

A proposal to reduce the total area of stabilizer wings brought this retort from Unser: "The worst thing they can do is cut back on the wings. This has stabilized the cars in the corners and made them safer. And the smaller the engine, the harder it will have to work, so the more engine fatalities there will be."

"It'll cost Dan Gurney [the owner of Unser's car] between half a million and \$1 million if these rule changes go through."

The USAC rules committee will vote on the proposals next month. If approved, they will go before the USAC board in September for a final O.K.

Meanwhile, Unser is organizing to fight.

THE VERY EXPENSIVE WORM

Sea worms—chiefly the bloodworm and the sandworm—brought Maine diggers \$2,056,000 last year. Saltwater anglers from Long Island south along the Atlantic Coast have been paying as much as \$20 a pound at retail for the bloodworm. That is 10 times as much as they pay for live jobber in Maine.

But, though their numbers remain constant at 35 million harvested annually, the sea worms are getting smaller. Twenty years ago 44 commercial-size bloodworms made a pound and the slightly larger sandworms ran 40 to a pound. Now it takes about 175 bloodworms to make a pound.

Overdigging may account for the change. In 1948, when diggers first were licensed in Maine, 448 licenses were issued. In 1971 there were 1,396.

Blame it to some extent on unemployment in other areas, says Robert L. Dow, director of marine research for the Maine Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries. All a digger needs is a digging fork, a bucket and a pair of boots. He can earn \$40 or more for four hours of labor on a tide.

But Dow also thinks the decline in worm size may be tied to "the temperature-climate cycle." Edwin P. Creaser

Jr., a researcher at Boothbay Harbor, has found that where waters are warmer, worms tend to be smaller.

"We don't know exactly how long worms live," Creaser explains. "Certainly not more than five years at the very maximum, and probably at least a year less in warmer waters. The reason is that the worm matures faster and never reaches a very large size. The moment you start harvesting a smaller size product, you're overharvesting."

So the shrinkage of the marine worm could be due to both too many diggers and warmer waters.

But though the worms are getting smaller, their value keeps going up. That \$2,056,000 last year was almost as much as the \$2.7 million which Maine claims brought their diggers. And it is more than the combined value of all the herring, the sea scallops and the crabs landed in the state.

VINTAGE COWARDS

A plucky crew of transplanted Englishmen, augmented by local Tories, has for some years now been bumping heads after business hours in an amateur rugby league that flourishes in the New York area. In fact, they have been bumping heads for so many years that a lot of players are getting a bit long in the tooth to be playing against upstart youngsters who, in their insidious way, have gradually been taking over the league.

Retire? Never!

The vintage rugger has announced formation of a brand-new senior team for men over 40. It will play on Sundays only—and only against teams willing to show respect for seniority. In the heat of a scrimmage the over-40s will be identifiable in their distinctive uniforms: gray with a yellow streak up the back.

DOOR-TO-ODDER BASKETBALL

It is the middle of the baseball season, football is just warming up and basketball seems far off—but there, fast-breaking down the highways of Louisiana, are Dale Brown, the new Louisiana State basketball coach, and his assistant, Jack Schalow.

Their car carries a trunkful of basketball nets, and as they move along they look for backyard baskets on which to hang them. Brown bought 1,000 nets from a Baton Rouge department store at cost—85¢ apiece. Now, every

time he sees a goal in a backyard, he stops his car, knocks on the door and says, "Hello, I'm Dale Brown, the LSU basketball coach and I've got a net for your goal."

"A lot of people were suspicious," he says. "Thought I was selling something. Well I was. Basketball."

"The whole idea is to stimulate interest in LSU basketball. We give the net, a short poem on basketball written by one of my assistants, and a calling card."

Brown is looking into the possibility of having his nets dyed purple. LSU colors are purple and gold. He is also trying to figure out a way to get safely past goal-tending dogs.

OVER THE COUNTER IN THE PRESS

It may have been the biggest trade in the history of professional football.

The Lake County (Ill.) Rifles of the Central States League gave up 21 players in exchange for one quarterback from the Delavan (Wis.) Red Devils. The Rifles got Bob Berzewitz, who threw 27 touchdown passes last season and 23 the year before. He is a fifth-grade teacher in the Woodstock (Ill.) school system and, because of his aerial skill, has become known as the Red Baron.

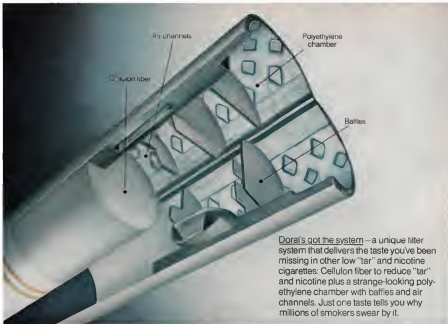
"Bob is experienced and smart," explained Jesse Vail, who is recreation director at the Joliet (Ill.) state prison when he is not moonlighting as coach of the Rifles. "He picks up the red dogs. He dumps off the ball to his running backs. He sees the secondary receivers. He thinks on his feet."

And besides, the Rifles had 200 would-be players attend their tryout camp, and thus had a surplus of bodies. Then, too, Delavan did not want to pay Berzewitz more than \$40 per game. The Rifles will, though they are not saying how much more.

THEY SAID IT

• Bill Yeoman, University of Houston football coach, after opening ceremonies at a Pittsburgh Coach of the Year clinic, which was addressed by a conglomerate of sport celebrities, a priest and the mayor: "I thought they had the priest for the coaches, but after listening to the mayor, you knew everybody needed help."

• Gary Player, on Lee Trevino's physique: "If he didn't have an Adam's apple he'd have no shape at all." **END**



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ON TOUR WITH 'HAIR'

The Oakland A's, baseball's version of the mod musical, have an Aquarian togetherness. Here they are at work and play, seen backstage through a weary week, the kind baseball knows too well—and fans do not **by RON FIMRITE**

Darold Knowles of the Oakland Athletics stood stock still on the mound for a moment in Boston's Fenway Park last Thursday, his normally animated face as expressionless as a death mask. One of the better relief pitchers in the American League, he had just walked Carl Yastrzemski with the bases loaded to force in the winning run in the second game of a doubleheader. And since the A's had lost the first game on a paltry squeeze bunt, Knowles felt doubly crossed.

The jeers of the pitiless Red Sox fans resounded in his ears, and he knew that in the clubhouse a wrathful and uncompromising manager awaited him. Under the circumstances, Knowles took the only course available to a reasonable man: he removed his baseball glove and kicked it just as hard and as far as he could.

Such acts of peevishness are not common to the Oakland A's, normally a care-free and cheerful lot, but this was an uncommon week on an inhospitable road. They were bedeviled by rain, three doubleheaders, a midnight plane flight and the Red Sox, a team they had beaten just once in their last six tries.

Only the night before, in Milwaukee,

Catcher Dave Duncan had succumbed to an even more violent outburst. It must be said that Duncan had already endured a bad night even before the game started. It had been his fondest hope to be named to the American League All-Star team, either by a vote of the fans or by the All-Star manager, Baltimore's Earl Weaver. Duncan was convinced he had the statistics—14 home runs, 48 runs batted in—to justify this aspiration. But only a few hours before the game with Milwaukee he learned he had been

passed over by Weaver in favor of Boston's Carlton Fisk, a mere rookie, and the Brewers' Ellie Rodriguez, who had been ill.

That was bad enough. Then, in the first six innings of the game, Duncan failed to get the ball out of the infield in three at bats and was struck on the arm three times by the bats of wild-swinging Brewers. His patience was worn thin by the time he stepped to the plate in the seventh to face Milwaukee's Jim Colborn. Colborn threw a pitch that looked



Mike Epstein may be moody, but he is swinging a happy bat. The smile of Vida Blue, plating marvel of 1971 but a loser now, has become a rare phenomenon.



like it was going to break. It didn't. It hit Duncan on the shoulder. Why, he inquired of the pitcher, can't someone who throws such palpable rubbish contrive at least to get it over the plate? Stung by this implied slight, Colborn said something unpleasant in reply, whereupon Duncan lowered his head and charged for the mound, seeing in Colborn, perhaps, the embodiment of the All-Star voters, Weaver and all those careless batters.

Fortunately, he was intercepted by cooler peries and mayhem was averted. But an injury did occur. In leading a charge from the bullpen to assist Duncan, A's Coach Vern Hoscheit, age 50, toppled off a 10-foot-high fence and very nearly broke his right arm.

The coach's sore arm was the subject of much mock concern on the chartered aircraft that took the weary A's out of

Milwaukee at midnight. Hoscheit, a short man with a Warner Baxter mustache that is at odds with the A's prevailing handlebar style, grinned cooperatively from time to time as semisolicitous colleagues tendered advice to the handicapped.

"I will pitch batting practice," he promised reserve Catcher Gene Tenace, "if I have to pitch left-handed."

The air was damp, the runways wet and the plane late after a getaway game that had lasted nearly three hours. The A's had won 9-6, Duncan's despond notwithstanding, but they were more drowsy than spirited. Ahead lay six games with the Red Sox. There was no particular pleasure in being carted off to face a team they just couldn't seem to beat. (Baseball fans think their heroes always relish combat, and baseball fans are wrong. On Monday night in Milwaukee



The manager's head is long, his finger short.

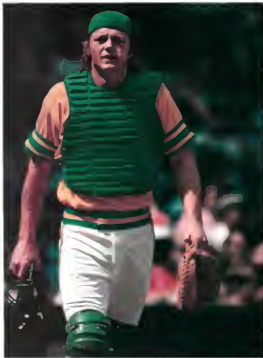
when the sound system in their dressing room had played *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*, the A's had booted. The modern bullplayer is very much an auditory being, and the old song was just not their kind of music on this rainy Wisconsin night. They were delighted when the game was postponed.)

Once they were airborne, Blue Moon Odom sought out Traveling Secretary Tom Corwin. "What does this do to my ERA?" Odom asked. He had won the Milwaukee game, but only after tiring in the late innings and being charged with all six Brewer runs.

"Not much," said Corwin. "You won't be over three."

"That's good," said Odom, a man who survived both a sore arm and a shooting to pitch again this year. ERA aside, it was Odom's ninth win against only two losses. Like Hoscheit, he could live with a sore arm; he was lucky to be

continued



Catcher Dave Duncan can come up swinging in more ways than one. Pitcher Blue Moon Odom, recovered from gunshot wounds, is glad just to be around.



alive at all. Last January he had halted two young men who were prowling outside a neighbor's house in Macon, Ga. One of them drew a gun and shot Odom in the neck and the side.

"I'm here," he said, forgetting his ERA for a moment, "so this is already a good year for me."

It was after 3 a.m. when the A's reached their Boston hotel, resembling sobered drunks leaving a late party as they filed through the silent hotel lobby on the way to what little rest was left to them before Thursday's doubleheader at Fenway.

These incidents of Oakland's week are recorded simply to prove that even silver clouds can have a torn lining. This season the A's have suffered few reverses in their resolute advance toward a second successive American League West championship. At the All-Star break, even after contending with the Red Sox, they remained comfortably ahead of their nearest pursuers, the Chicago White Sox, and seemingly had nothing to fear until an October playoff date with Detroit, Baltimore or, conceivably, even those accursed Sox. Their only starting pitcher with an earned run average over three is Vida Blue, of all people, and when you can count Ken Holtzman (13-8), Catfish Hunter (12-4), Dave Hamilton (6-3) as well as Odom among them, you count quality. Reggie Jackson, Mike Epstein and Duncan are all among the league leaders in home runs and runs batted in. Sal Bando is also among the RBI leaders,



Pitcher Catfish Hunter about to set a hash.



Having been hit, Duncan tries some hitting.

and Joe Rudi is a contender for the batting championship.

There is just enough defense to get by, even with the eccentric outfield play of Jackson and Angel Mangual. And the team has color. In a season as sartorially extravagant as this one, the A's various uniforms of green, gold and white lead the league. Their long hair and mustaches set them further apart from recent baseball tradition.

Mostly, though, Oakland has character. The word team implies a certain conformity, and the A's do bend to their demanding, if equally long-haired manager, Dick Williams. Off the field he returns their personalities to them. And what a diverse lot they are. Take Mike Epstein, the big, solemn-looking fellow practicing his batting stroke over there. A study in concentration. And worry.

Epstein majored in social psychology at the University of California in Berkeley and is much given to introspection. "Moodiness," he says slowly, "is an outgrowth of pride in a person. My so-called moodiness stems only from desire. Now, at 29, I feel I've matured enough to handle problems. I'm having the best time of my life."

The best time of Vida Blue's life was last year. This year may be the worst

time. By the All-Star break last year he was 17-3; this year he is 2-5. But Blue's famous dispute with Charlie Finley did more than burden him with a poor start. It also left him bitter and prematurely disillusioned. Rarely does he flash his former ebullience. At 23, he is quiet and serious. "Yes, I'm bitter," Blue said Wednesday as he sat alone in the clubhouse. "It all seemed unnecessary to me, all that trouble. I feel in tip-top shape, but I'm not helping the team. I'd like to be traded to St. Louis or one of the New York teams."

Blue's conditions for a trade are not likely to be met, but this is not to say Finley has absented himself from the marketplace. On the contrary, since the season began he has negotiated some 40 transactions—trades, sales, releases, farm-system promotions and demotions—involving 29 players. Curiously, Finley players are always coming home again. It is as if the man attaches giant rubber bands to some of his employees. In his latest deal Finley reacquired ex-A's Don Mincher and Ted Kubiak from the Texas Rangers. Kubiak immediately moved in at second base, the fifth player to occupy that injury-riddled position this season. The fourth, Marty Martinez, did not stay long enough to quit hurt.

Infielder Sal Bando strides into a pitch.





For happy Ken Holtzman, beauty is 13 wins.

He had come over from St. Louis in May and was hitting .057 the night before he left for Texas in the Kubak-Mincher trade.

Second base aside, however, it is significant that the various transactions have involved second-line players. Williams' eight starters and his pitchers all have reasonable job security, and aside from switching Bando and Epstein in the batting order when a lefthander pitches, he rarely tampers with his starting lineup at all, which reads Bert Campaneris, Rudi Jackson, Epstein, Mangua, Bando, Duncan and the second baseman, whoever he may be.

One of the happiest starters, usually, is that combative non-All Star, Dave Duncan. Duncan is an attention-getter on the field and off. He has the sloe-eyed baby face and the pageboy hairdo of a rock diety. "I just can't imagine a better situation than the one we've got here on the A's," Duncan said over coffee in Milwaukee's Pfister Hotel. "Nobody dislikes anybody. We do what we want off the field with whoever we want. There is no bed check, no rules on clothes or hair. And Williams makes every man on the team think he's the most important. Ask anybody and he'll tell you the team couldn't win without him. I

don't think we have a team leader as such. Oh, when Catfish pitches, we expect him to win. And we expect Reggie to hit home runs. But we're all really leaders. I honestly think I'm part of something unique."

Oakland's biggest assets are probably more spiritual than technical. Even with a blue Blue, the team is as close to being unified as a game like baseball, with its individual skills, will allow.

And that, too, manifested itself on Oakland's road trip last week. On Wednesday Marty Martinez played his last game as an A before being sent downriver to last-place Texas.

Martinez, a Cuban, has a long, sad face. It was longer and sadder as he boarded the team bus after the game. At first he sat alone. The usual raillery with the driver was underway. . . . "Back up a little farther, Bussey, and you'll be sure to hit him. . . ."

Martinez was not a part of it. Finally he was joined by Relief Pitcher Bob Locker. "I don't know what I can say to make it easier for you," Locker began. "These things happen."

Martinez said something in Spanish, and then offered his own translation: "Life goes on."

He had known about the trade, but he had played—his very best. On this last night with Oakland, Marty Martinez, the .057 hitter, had gotten three hits and the A's had won the game.

A triumph, perhaps, of spirit over flesh.

Never mind that the Red Sox took four of their six. Knowles won in relief on Saturday and Holtzman Sunday, so neither had a kick coming. The A's lead was still 6½ games. At 5:30 Sunday they trooped aboard their bus, headed for Boston's Logan Airport. A team on the move.

END

All-Star Outfielder Reggie Jackson, the home run and RBI leader, ceases the weapon rack.





SEA CHASE WITH A SMASH ENDING

It was America's Bob Magoon and Italy's Vincenzo Balestreri nose-to-stern in a roaring duel when one boat flew, the other took sick, and a 51-year-old rookie surprisingly won it all in a Kettle **by HUGH D. WHALL**

When the engine of an ocean powerboat racer begins to rev up, the sound reaches into the soul, saddles up through the bloodstream and plucks at the ego. Suddenly, to be an onlooker seems to be nothing, to be aboard, everything. And, almost uniquely in sport, it is occasionally possible for a nonparticipant to go along for the ride. Ego and opportunity joined hands last week in the Hennessy Grand Prix. As 19 soul-surring racers skimmed abreast up to the start off Point Pleasant, N.J., I found myself right there in the cockpit beside the defending U.S. champion, Eye Surgeon Robert Magoon of Miami Beach, and his mechanic, Gene Lanham, on the best boat in the fleet.

Owned and tuned by Carl Koekhae-

fer—who is peerless in his field—built to the famous Cigarette hull design of Don Aronow and skippered by Magoon, a gentlemanly tiger, the *Kirkhauser Aero-marine-I* had won last year and was favored again.

There were 181 miles to go—up along the beach to Asbury Park, down again past Point Pleasant to Seaside, then 50 miles across open ocean to Fire Island off the Long Island shore, 34 miles westward to the mouth of New York Harbor, 43 miles south along the Jersey shore to Seaside again, and finally 11.5 miles back north to the Point Pleasant checkered flag. The day was hot and hazy and the sea nearly flat—not necessarily a favorable condition, since it would be tempting to rev engines to breaking

Doc Magoon had said, "Hugh, do me one favor. If you feel like you want to get off the boat for any reason, please don't bother to ask. We don't stop."

As we stormed past a very large beach-and-breakwater cluster of spectators and a watching fleet of perhaps 1,000 boats, Magoon looked as relaxed as if he were lining up an easy putt. But after the sprint up and down the beach, Magoon, normally a brilliant navigator, made a rare goof. We passed the committee boat on the wrong side. Instantly realizing what he had done, Magoon spun about to pass on the correct side, but in the meantime two other boats had sped ahead of us. Unworried, Magoon opened up a little and soon overtook them. One boat left behind was Roger Hanks' *Blonde III*.



Rookie Salvio, starboard man in the cockpit, guns "Copper Kettle" past the finish line.

had the best boat; no doubt about it. By now my fingers were beginning to freeze into a death-grip on the grab bar. The water was never entirely smooth and we passed from one sea condition to another with unimaginable rapidity.

We caught up with Balestrieri at Fire Island, and commenced a thrilling duel with the Latin lion. When eventually we pulled ahead, there he was, sitting like a vulture just astern, waiting to capitalize on our slightest error. We hit a rogue sea that flung me across my fox-hole as *Aeromarine* dug in, but she lurched back onto even keel—and now we were doing 80 mph. On the water, that isn't slow. Watching *Tornado* gather herself in and then launch off on a sea into the misty air, revealing her whole hull, was a sight so gripping that I did not then realize we must have been equally spectacular to see.

Near checkpoint six off Long Island's Rockaway Point, *Tornado* edged past us. Knowing he could catch her when he had to, Magoon chose to lie just off her stern for a while, his idea being to push her so hard she would break down. As we raced on to the Shrewsbury Rocks buoy off Jersey, with only 40 miles to go to the finish, I sensed victory. I almost relaxed. Then. . .

Crosscutting in *Tornado's* wake, *Aeromarine* suddenly became its own thunderstorm, and we were chips in its vortex. The universe came undone. I remember the port side of the boat lifting up toward me and thinking, without undue anxiety, "We're going to capsize." But then the opposite side, just as suddenly and sharply, careened upward. Holding on was meaningless. Arms, legs, head, torso went their own ways.

As we discovered later, a small 25¢ aluminum bolt in the power steering linkage had let go. At 80 mph Magoon was standing at the wheel of a 1,000-hp, six-ton boat with his steering absolutely gone. A *Tornado* crewman had an eye on us, and later he confirmed that *Aeromarine* began turning to port as Magoon struggled mightily to bring her to starboard. Up and up she went, curving over into a dive and striking the water nose first, like a dart. Then she swiveled 180° and took flight again, this time landing stern first at about 75 mph.

Flying overhead, Carl Kickhafer saw

a 150-foot spume of water. "What's that?" he asked his pilot. "That's your boat," the pilot said.

With his lightning reflexes Magoon switched off the engines as he caromed around the cockpit. When *Aeromarine* finally stopped her mad dance, Lanham leaped out on deck and scrambled toward the stern. The fittings had pulled out of the transom and the boat was taking water fast. About that time I was picking myself up and wondering why I couldn't breathe. "Are you all right?" Magoon asked. I could only gasp. "You're O.K.," Magoon announced. "Just had the wind knocked out of you. Take a few deep breaths."

I wasn't sure I had anything left with which to breathe. Then I saw Magoon's fingers reach for the throttles. Oh, no! He was trying to restart the engines and resume the race. But nothing happened.

When Lanham opened the engine hatches he saw a swimming pool. For *Aeromarine* the day was over. All that remained was some tedious bailing by Magoon and Lanham and a 19-mile tow to the pier—by three successive pleasure boats that kindly picked us up. I stood in place, paralyzed.

In the meantime Balestrieri had engine trouble, and a slick 36-foot Cigarette like ours called *Copper Kettle* had won the race—the fourth in a row for Sandy Satullo, a 51-year-old rookie from Fairview Park, Ohio. He owns the Ohio restaurant after which his boat is named, and though he professes to hate both boats and water, he must be reveling in his unexpected string of successes.

X rays ashore revealed I had suffered nothing worse than three broken ribs. Magoon invited me to go along on *Aeromarine* in the Long Beach, Calif. Hennessy race on Aug. 19. I'll have to give that a little thought.

END

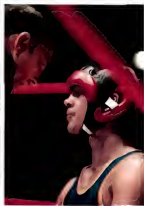
She lay broken beneath a pall of engine smoke. Perhaps Hanks, a Texas oilman, had lost his wallet again. Once, during a race in Spain, he threw his jacket into the engine compartment, where it spilled his driving-around money into the machinery: \$10,000 in hundred-dollar bills. Having cleaned that mess up and emerged only a few thousand the poorer, he got underway again—only, witnesses swear, to have a credit card fall into an engine, causing it to blow.

Still ahead of us was a single foe: the very swift *Black Tornado*, owned and driven by the former world champion, Vincenzo Balestrieri of Italy.

Soon we were wallied in by a woolly fog. Running nearly flat-out, suspended on an opaque sea, we entered an unearthly world of noise, speed and—for me—exhilaration mixed with apprehension. Hit a sea wrong or a piece of driftwood, and. . . We were doing 70 miles an hour. Lanham pointed to the throttles. With thumb and forefinger he indicated an inch and a half of speed as yet unused, and he grinned evilly. We

After crash: Magoon, Lanham, the author.





The sobriquets will be forthcoming soon enough. For those who can't wait, try on Minnesota Mauler or Bow-lus Bomber for size. In point of fact, the size is 6'3", 205 and impressively proportioned. The square monicker is Duane Bobick and it belongs to a brash U.S. Navy quartermaster third class out of Bow-lus, Minn. who has won the heavyweight division at the Olympic Boxing Trials. Bobick took the honor at Texas Christian University last weekend in the 100th fight of his career with his 58th knockout and 59th consecutive victory. If anyone loves to fight, Bobick does, and he did so joyfully, cleanly and overwhelmingly well. There was no smoldering anger in him. Instead, there was an air of benevolence. All week in Fort Worth, Bobick winked at children, teenage girls, old ladies, men and lampposts. He was solicitous of other fighters, too, including the three he knocked out in consecutive fights. One even lasted two rounds.

It wasn't that Duane Bobick went soft in that marathon. What he did was go toe-to-toe with Nick Wells, who is the national AAU champion and had 50 knockouts in 75 fights. Wells was also one of only three fighters in the trials who had registered knockouts in both his preliminary bouts. The fact that he is built like George Chuvalo out of Gargaruta and lives in Fort Worth and had a hometown crowd out front didn't hurt, either. The sounds that filled the Texas night were these: a high-pitched, frenzied roar set against the bass of four blunt weapons pounding flesh. By the second round two of them beat an increasingly insistent rhythm. Those were Bobick's, and soon both he and Wells were bloody. Wells, who had never been cut before, wasn't allowed to come out for round three.

Bobick's coach, Panama Murph Griffith, who is Emile Griffith's uncle, said quixotically, "I don't want to jump before the horse, but you haven't seen this boy fight yet. You'll see a different fighter after a while. There's certain things I can't say, but you will."

Another coach simply said, "He's got the bombs."

A COUPLE OF HIT AND MISS PROPOSITIONS

The big hit and hitter of the Olympic Trials was Duane Bobick, but Bobby Lee Hunter missed enough to miss out on Munich by DAN LEVIN

In 1968 Bobick lost in an elimination tournament prior to the trials, and he was weeping in the dressing room when that year's Olympic coach, Pappy Gault, came in. Gault recalls: "I said, 'Don't cry, boy. You've got nothing to be ashamed of. One of these days you're going to be champion of the world.'"

Now, four years later at Fort Worth, Gault was saying, "I think the kid'll do as great as Muhammad Ali in bringing in money for the promoters. He's got a good jab, a good right, a good heart and a wonderful personality. He's way ahead of George Foreman at a similar stage of his career."

The dormitory at TCU is empty but for one small figure in a room on the third floor. Bobby Lee Hunter, a flyweight boxer, sits alone in the dark. The previous night he had been eliminated from the trials. So had many other fighters, but they had fuller lives than his. They had girl friends to go home to and jobs and open roads to run down—alone if they chose. But Hunter would return to South Carolina's Manning Correctional Institution. His story has been told and retold: the trouble in the Charleston ghetto five years ago, the verdict of manslaughter, the tiny 17-year-old folding sheets at Manning and, finally, the discovery of his talent. He won the national AAUs, both last year and this, and a bronze medal at the Pan-Am Games. He went on international tours. Everything he had he owed to boxing—the sudden feeling of pride built on success after success, a sense of who he could be, and the focal point of it all was Munich. Now his friends were worried, fearful of what the disappointment of his defeat might do to him.

For a while there was talk that he would be picked as an alternate, and go to the Bear Mountain, N.Y. pre-Olympic training camp, but Hunter said that was not what he had in mind. Maybe,

someone said, he just wanted to be asked, to hear he was still wanted.

"You've still got a chance to win it if you go," Hunter is told.

"Naw," he says.

"You don't like the idea of being a substitute?"

"Yeah," he replies.

"Bobby, you're going to have to pick your butt up off the floor and start living again."

"I'll think about it," he says.

The Old Man was happy. He still had a few good times ahead of him, it seemed. He had a young wife, only 22. He had his health, he was going to the Olympics at last, and besides, 25 wasn't that old. They called Sergeant Jesse Valdez The Old Man last week in Fort Worth because he'd been at it so long. It was his third Olympic Trials and, he had decided, his last, win or lose. Twice he won the national Golden Gloves championship, twice the AAU, but it didn't seem to matter much anymore. Come November his Air Force hitch would be over. "It's time I made something of myself," he said. Now he wanted a college degree—that is, after winning the welterweight gold medal at Munich.

From three distant points of a triangle, Bobick, Valdez and Hunter came to Texas: from a sprinkle of houses called Bow-lus on the Minnesota plains, from a California Air Force base via a poor Mexican neighborhood in Houston and from a steaming South Carolina slum. One was pregarious and overpowering, one reserved and graceful and one was silent under pressures the other two could not begin to comprehend. This diversity was reflected in their movements in the ring. In Bobby Hunter's one and only fight, for example, there was no joy. He fought at Fort Worth as he had always fought, to survive, hooking viciously, missing, missing, tak-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEVIN

Hunter flouts at Tim Deмент, who won flyweight title; welter champ Jesse Valdez gets advice; Bobick home over CWF Stephens.

ing three light jabs in the hope of ending everything with one hook. It had almost always worked before, but it was war, not art, and Olympic boxing judges are the aesthetes of their trade.

Bobby Hunter's loss was to Tim Dement of Bossier City, La., only 17, a pale, dreamy-looking boy with no indication of any strength at all. When they entered the ring fears were expressed for Dement's life. At ringside, mock preparations were made for retrieving his head, and the concern continued until the final bell, when it switched to Hunter. Dement had landed two or three punches, mostly jabs, to every one of Hunter's. Dement had the reach and Hunter was never able to follow up the punches he did land. Dement's nose was bleeding as they left the ring, but his head was high, unlike Hunter's, and he went on to win the flyweight title.

"Mumch's been kind of a dream for me," Dement said. "Like Martin Luther King's, except a different kind of dream."

In the dressing room Hunter spoke in a hoarse, hurt whisper: "I looked bad, I looked bad. I was better than that in my very first fight."

His two traveling companions were near tears. "I lost the fight, not Bobby," said his coach, Red Douglas. "I overtrained him. Three years of preparation and I blew it."

"Yeah," Hunter admitted two days later. "A few times I wanted to quit. I was going to tell Red, but I didn't want to hurt his feelings."

One official, who had seen Hunter fight at least 30 times, said: "He wouldn't have done anything in the Olympics. They've got those tall, long-armed guys, and he'd shake their hands and that'd be the last time they'd touch them."

Jesse Valdez was having a fine time in Fort Worth. He smiled at his opponents between rounds or when he inadvertently fouled them. He fought without great passion. Rage never twisted his features, nor fear. In three fights no one hurt him, and only rarely did anyone land well, but Valdez scored no knockouts. Content to win on points, secure in the conviction that he could, he never bore down hard. "I could have tried," he said later, "but there was no sense taking a chance on getting knocked out." Valdez looked at home in the ring, always in control, though his opponents

appeared stronger than he. They bullied him, but he spun away and shot his good jab out and piled up points. With his white teeth, skin the color of a peacan shell and handsome Spanish face he looked like a man a young Ava Gardner would fall in love with. Many women at the trials stared at him, but he never gave them more than a polite smile in return. He phoned his wife regularly.

"In sixth grade I had a buddy, Jo Jo, who thought he was tough until he picked on a new kid and got into trouble," Jesse Valdez says. "I came over, threw a few punches and the guy was on the ground with a bloody nose. That night when I was in bed the guy's momma came over and told mine that I'd broken her son's nose and I was going to jail. I pretended I was sleeping, but the next day I was suspended from school for a few days. My momma was very upset. I never got in any fights after that. If necessary, I'd talk myself out of them. I'd tell the other guy I knew he could beat me up so why bother. I started boxing as an art. I didn't need it to defend myself."

Valdez' neighborhood was poor, but it was safe. He went to a boys' club regularly and they taught him right from wrong. They also told him he had to get through college to succeed in life, so a coach who was also a friend got him a scholarship to Howard Payne College in Brownwood, Texas, a boxing scholarship. His record was 175-5 by then. It was the first boxing scholarship Payne had ever given. They had no boxing team and Jesse was the only boxer at the school, but they got him a punching bag and he ran track to stay in shape in the year he was there.

"I assumed the school figured it was good publicity," he says. "Everyone in Texas knew Jesse Valdez then."

Valdez soon found that he couldn't study and train and do justice to both, so he quit training, got a job as a court bailiff and began going to South Texas Junior College at night. That was the end of his boxing career, or so he thought, and he joined the Air Force to get a free education. They put him in the security police, though, which he didn't care for, so he mentioned that he'd done some boxing and...

Soon afterward Jesse Valdez met a WAF named Jacquelyn Fedrizzi from Niagara Falls, N.Y. "Where does a girl from Niagara Falls go on her honeymoon?" he asked her. It wasn't a pro-

posal. That came later, and there was another Valdez to fret over Jesse on fight night. Jesse's mother saw his first fight, when he was 11, weighed 85 pounds and "got smeared" as he puts it. She never saw him fight again. Jacqueline doesn't go for the sport, either. "She doesn't care for me to box," Jesse says, "but she understands that I make the rules."

"I'm a good sailor," Duane Bobick says, though he admits he has been on a ship only once—at dockside. Sailors are supposed to like girls though, he explains, and vice versa, so Bobick is not entirely accurate. He is a *superb* sailor. At Fort Worth a coast approached him with a book of raffle tickets. She didn't know who he was. "Sure," he said, buying one. When he handed back the stub he said, "Put your telephone number on the back." He gave her his best grin, certain it would turn her knees to jelly. The sun glistened off his ocean of very chestnut hair. It shone on his jaw, casting a considerable shadow on the sidewalk, but the girl was curiously immune. She demurred and Bobick seemed surprised. It may never have happened before. But a minute later he had forgotten about her. For him there would always be girls. He knew he was dynamic. His conviction was unshakable.

Duane Bobick and his family, 13 strong, have been described in these pages before (SI, Aug. 23, 1971), but the boyhood of a champion has many facets, all of them illuminating. At five Duane was walking home from school with a girl cousin when two six-year-old boys started "mouthing off," so he punched one of them. It was his first punch. The boy ran off with a bloody nose and brought back a nine-year-old and, Duane recalls: "I proceeded to beat him severely around the head and shoulders, scoring my second bloody nose and chipping his tooth."

At a time when other children begin playing touch football, the Bobicks were already playing tackle. "I survived on guts alone in those years," Duane says. A friend recalls: "Duane and his brother LeRoy would get in a fight, a neighbor would try to break it up and he'd get punched out." Soon the other kids in town were told not to play with the Bobick boys. And if anything went wrong they were always blamed. "People were just jealous of us 'cause we

continued

King 15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Apr. '72)



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were so closely knit," Duane says. Yes, close knit, like a Mongol horde. One can envision a dusty swarm of snorting Bobbicks sweeping through the streets of Bowlus, Minn. to the accompaniment of tornado-cellar doors slamming shut.

But the good people of Bowlus are mellowing toward the Bobbicks. Last July 2 they celebrated Duane Bobick Day. Posters were tacked to every vertical surface. Everyone wore pins. "This Is Your Day, Duane Bobick," the posters and pins read. In the morning the Bobbicks went to services at St. Stanislaus Kostka. Then they went downtown, where there was a stage that Duane's father had helped build. The population of Bowlus is 278, but 5,000 people turned out. They came from Little Falls and Roylton and Holdingford, and Duane stood on the stage and spoke to them. He told them Bowlus was the greatest place in the world. He told them of his schedule in the Navy, how for 19 months he has risen every day at 5 a.m. and run four miles, how he rests at noon, works out for three hours and goes to bed early. There were women in the crowd who turned to their young sons and told them to listen carefully because Duane was going to be a great man some day, and there were some who in years past hadn't looked too kindly on the Bobick clan, and some of the women were one and the same.

Now Bobby Lee Hunter is alone again in the room at TCU. There are no curtains on the windows. The walls are a bilious pink-tan. The room contains a bed, a sink and the chair Hunter is sitting on. A TV set is blaring and Hunter stares at it vacantly, arms folded, unapproachable, all his hurt and frustration aimed inward. He hasn't been invited to Bear Mountain after all. Only his legs are moving, bouncing up and down, just the way they do before his fights. His toughest one may have just begun.

Downtown, in the lobby, Jesse Valdez is relaxed and smiling. He has just phoned his wife to tell her the good news. Outside, Duane Bobick is flirting with girls and wrestling playfully with his 283-pound brother LeRoy, down from Bowlus for the fights. Bobick says: "It's hard to be humble when you're as great as I am," but his tongue is practically protruding through his cheek. There is another heavyweight who talks like that, he says, but he doesn't like his manners. **END**

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GO, GO, GO, GO, GO

It is summer, and the voice of the coach is heard in our land. His exhortations are designed to drive a team to the Super Bowl: a journey that for every NFL player begins with timed 40-yard sprints in July. So it was for 74 Kansas City Chiefs and a dog, off to a hot start in Liberty, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CIARESONI



With the race to the swift, what better test of burning—or steaming—ambition than driving off the line in full pads in a series of 20-yard sprints up and down the practice field at Wilson Jewell College? The method behind the madness is: if you can hack it in 90° and 90° humidity in July, you can fire out or pursue in 15° in the fourth quarter come December.

CONTINUED



GO, GO, GO, *continued*



High atop his portable tower Head Coach Hank Stram, chin in hand, seeks out malingerers. One sight sure to incur his displeasure is the ample midriff of 298-pound Guard Elbert Walker (right), an 11th-round draft pick.





Back to earth, the flamboyant Simon adds his 207 pounds to the blocking sled and gets pushed around by a brace of his employees. Urging the churning linemen to take their boss for a ride is Offensive Line Coach Bill Walsh.

In theory the agony of camp is compensated for by the ecstasy of making the 40-man squad. It is the prospect of this Nirvana that sustains Defensive Tackle John Kahler while in the clutches of a Nautilus Torsio Machine.

CONTINUED





During the postlunch break Offensive Tackle Sid Smith (left) and Wide Receiver Elmo Wright ponder the first game of the Fischer-Spassky world championship match. The board was set up by Wright's roomie, Defensive End Aaron Brown, the Chiefs' chief chess freak.

When you come to the end of a training camp day, you sign autographs for kids and pose for instantatics—that is, if you are Quarterback Len Dawson. If, however, you are Guard George Daney, you just sit wearily and wonder: Can I make it through tomorrow?





FOOTBALL IS LIKE A ROSE

The author, a rookie cut down in full flower by the Kansas City Chiefs, concludes that the game is nice but not essential. He returns, abashed, to his old haunts, where his dog cuts him, too
by **RICK TELANDER**

If only Eustacia Vye had been there waiting, her raven hair flowing, behind her the autumn colors of the moor. But no, for a greeting there was only the sultry August heat of Evanston, Ill. and the sight of CTA buses spewing exhaust over Asbury Avenue. I shuffled along, coming home. I had been a second-team All-Big Ten cornerback at Northwestern, I had played in the East-West Shrine Game and the Coaches' All-America Game, I had been the eighth draft pick of the Kansas City Chiefs, and I had been cut.

Dogs walked past me and sneered, not bothering to bark. Cicadas droned contemptuously. Tree leaves rattled like bones. It was more like the return of the Fuller Brush man than the native, so dismal was my welcome.

Feeling as low as a puddle, I trudged the final block to my old college-days

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID ROYES



residence—a toadlike three-story frame house containing 20 rooms and anywhere from eight to 16 occupants, depending on the season—and tried to plan my entrance speech. Should I be apologetic: “Sorry guys, I, I . . . let you down”? Or matter-of-fact: “Yeah, I got the ax”? Or defensive: “Well, I’ve never seen you do anything but hold down this damn front porch”? Or philosophic: “You win a few, you lose a few, some get rained out”? It was a cagey group I would be rejoining and there was no telling what the best defense would be.

When I was half a block away, I decided to use the absurd approach and enter laughing hysterically, thus taking the fight to them. I was thinking whether that attack would be sufficiently disarming when suddenly I detected a blur of brown streaking toward me, a neighborhood dog that had forgotten the neutrality code and was blatantly and wholeheartedly attacking.

My despair was complete when from a distance of 20 feet I recognized the

dog as my own Leo, my own little flapping beagle, now transformed into a 40-pound bullet of howling madness. Am I an outcast even to man’s best friend? I thought. Feeling myself a tragic hero I bared my neck and leaped forward.

Just as Leo was prepared to leap for my jugular vein, he skidded to a halt. He circled once, sniffing, and began to jump up and down, squeaking and yipping for joy.

“Yes!” I blurted, feeling myself return from the dead. “Yes. Yes, my little pedigree! It is I, your human. Oh, yes! Circle and dance and remember! You cannot forget your favorite, can you, my little sweetmeat?”

I was so happy that I bent down to give him an ear rub. But as I did so he shot off like the wind after a wayward squirrel and I was left crouching on the sidewalk watching him disappear as suddenly as he had arrived. I straightened up, grabbed my bag and proceeded solemnly toward the house. I decided to forget my plan of attack for rejoining my

friends and simply to play the situation by ear. That was the only thing to do.

In the front yard everything was exactly as it had been one month earlier before I had left. The grass was brown and dusty, the garden bristled with poison ivy and beer cans, and Mac and the Cannery Row boys were lazing in the sparse pools of shade afforded by our lone, curving elm tree. The boys were expecting me, I guess. They’d read the paper. From their various positions of recline on the grass, the porch steps and the glider, not one of them stirred to acknowledge my presence. I shuffled through the dust and sat down amidst a cloud of stuffing on the red leather couch that reposes like an anchor in our front yard, feeling uncommonly weary. Someone handed me a beer and I drank it. Then someone handed me another beer, and I drank that one, too. The same hand offered me a third. I felt much better.

I was daydreaming when one of the boys who was lazing on the couch beside me raised up and chucked a crumpled beer can at the growing pile next to the steps. He opened another with a tranquil pop and then he said to me: “Hey, Rick, how was Kansas City?” It was an entirely normal thing to say.

I finished my beer and threw it on the pile. Somebody tossed me another can and as I opened it I gazed about me. I saw the sparrows wheeling in the blue sky and the black ants struggling across our dusty yard. I saw the paint peeling from our house and the sun lacing its way through the elm tree. And I saw Leo, my dog, returning from his chase, smiling even in defeat. What could I say?

“It was fine,” I said. “Just fine.”

It often seems the only things that stick with us are the bad memories, the good ones having melted away like boring little ice cubes. How many people would listen to a news report if only the peaceful nations of the world were mentioned? Not many. Good news is not what fills our stomach; it is just too tasteless.

When I think back on my brief stay with the Kansas City Chiefs only the bad memories come to mind, even

continued



though I had my share of good times. I remember such things as when Ed Budde, the Chiefs' monstrous left guard, actually spoke to me.

It was in the lunch line at William Jewell College, right in the thick of two-a-day sessions, and I was minding my own business loading my tray with oranges and Jell-O. Ed sort of rumbled up to me and looked me over like a piece of meat, grumbling when he came to the red fishnet jersey I was wearing. It was one of the few reliefs I had during those miserable dog days.

"Kid," he growled, "I'm sick of your shirt."

"Oh?"

"I think you'd better give it a rest. Know what I mean?"

"Sure."

After lunch I ran back to the dorm and put on a conservative gray T shirt of the type that has been liberated from athletic departments around the world. It was the rational thing to do, but still I swore every time I thought of that refreshing perforated jersey lying in the bottom of my suitcase.

And there were the times when the stern judgment of the football world was the only one that mattered, when receiving a simple shake of the head from Coach Hank Stram could send one into waves of ecstasy or spasms of anguish. One day the defensive backs were covering the receivers in a skeleton passing drill. The hot, humid air was as thick as mush and it seemed each time I tried to catch my breath I rebreathed the same stagnant pool.

I was trying desperately to do my job, to cover the Chiefs' 6' 10", 255-pound tight end, Morris Stroud, man-for-man, and I was having trouble. No matter how close I stayed to him he always had me beat by a hair. If the ball was thrown high he'd outstretch me. If it was thrown low he'd outmaneuver me. I could have ridden on his shoulders and he'd still have been able to uncoil his snake-like arms and grab the ball an inch beyond my reach. If I'd had a gun, I would have shot him.

After one play I heard a far-off voice calling to me from somewhere up in the sun. I couldn't see, but I knew it was Coach Stram up there on his two-story tower.

He said very calmly, "You've got to

neutralize your man, Rick," and that was all.

I was exhausted. Inside my jersey I felt like a steamed clam. Morris Stroud swayed in front of me—huge, cool, invincible.

Tom Bettis, the backfield coach, came up to me and said, "Hank means to slow your man down. Take his momentum away. As he comes at you give him a shot on the helmet or shoulders." Give him a shot. I am 6' 1" and 191 pounds and I am supposed to give this monster a shot.

In my dazed, helpless condition I had some irrational thoughts. I wondered if that was what David's generals had told him when he went out to meet Goliath. "Give him a shot on the helmet, Davey. Neutralize the big summabitch."

Then I thought about screaming at Coach Stram, defying him to come off his tower and destroy Morris Stroud himself. Then I thought of crying.

In the end I did nothing. I said "Yes, sir," and returned to my near-hopeless task—a beaten man.

That was a sad day, one that must have gone down heavily against me. But then I had another bad moment, a disastrous team meeting, and that probably didn't help matters much, either.

We were plodding through our new defenses one night after dinner, the meeting room cool and comfortable and the players all dead tired. I was wavering between sleep and alertness, diddling through my playbook—a plastic-bound tome as thick as *War and Peace*. According to my watch (which I kept desperately trying to synchronize to Stram time) there was less than five minutes left to the meeting. Suddenly I was aroused from my lethargy by Coach Bettis' voice saying, "... and you rookies should know these things by now. Rick, if we're in a combo defense and Baltimore comes out in a green formation, then shifts to a brown right double wing and they put the wingback in motion, what does the strong safety do against an 80-series pattern?"

I had no idea. I hemmed and hawed and stammered and consulted my book, riffling through meaningless pages. Then I mumbled something that was pure gibberish and could be best translated as: "I have no idea." I deserved the curt reply I got and the numerous looks of

scorn. That night I was as miserable as I had been in a long time.

These things sound rather comical in retrospect, and I have learned to laugh at them; under the proper conditions I might even guffaw and slap my knee. But when they occurred the incidents were as serious as Monday morning, and they will remain filed forever with my other dusty and unfortunate "bad" memories.

I did have my good times. Such things as staying out after practice with a fellow rookie, Kerry Reardon, and practicing our dropkicks—that remains as pleasant. Or the day we punted balls over Coach Stram's tower, trying to come as close to landing one on the top deck as possible, never noticing that the coach had returned to the field and was watching, until he told us we both had pretty good legs and we ought to practice our punting more often—but not right there with the tower in the way.

Or the fine times my old schoolmate, Mike Adame—be made the team—and I used to have sitting on the dorm steps at dusk and planning the layout for the restaurant we would open once we hit it big. It was going to be called *The Personal Fowl* and there would be no silverware, napkins or plates in the place, just mounds of barbecued chicken and flagons of wine. Dogs would roam the oaken floor snapping up all bones tossed merrily their way, and for 30 seconds every half hour the lights would be turned off for effect. Waitresses would dress as hens, the *maitre d'* as a rooster and the busboys as eggs. Downstairs we wanted a public shower.

Yes, I truly did have good times, but they were mixed with the bad in a sort of mulligan stew of experience. Thus it was that I returned to Evanston after being cut, to sort myself out and recover.

There with the help of the Canney Row boys I went on numerous benders and participated in a number of the more volatile parties ever held in Evanston, the headquarters of the WCTU. So impassioned were some of these late August debauches that the only way to describe them is as demolition derbies. I distinctly remember seeing people fall down whole flights of stairs, sections of bunnister in their hands, and then laugh tremendously.

continued

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Such acts took their toll on house and occupants. By the end of the summer our home was in shambles, cockroaches and beer cans having gained control of the bottom floor. The front of the house was missing both picture windows and a door, as well as several minor windows and screens. The front yard looked like a garbage dump in the Mojave Desert. The garden resembled an aluminum recycling plant.

Therefore, three of my friends and I decided to take a leave of absence and lead quiet rehabilitative lives. We departed in a '54 Chevrolet pickup truck and spent a listless week and a half in Darien, Conn. When I returned to Evanston I realized I had achieved catharsis, that is to say, I could now lead a normal, healthy life. The tragedy of the Kansas City Chiefs' experience had been purged from my soul, leaving me scarred but not maimed.

The only problem that remained was that of Leo, my dog, who was undergoing an identity crisis. I blamed it on puberty and adolescent wanderlust, though whether that was an accurate diagnosis I don't know.

Leo had been getting in trouble running with a local dog pack at North-western—being shot at with BB guns by furious garden owners, staying out all night, even once being poked up by the canine patrol on suspicion of biting (a charge that proved to be false).

I worried about my dog, who was without a doubt the best broken-field runner ever in the state of Illinois, better than Gale Sayers in his prime. Yes, even Red Grange. In our intrahouse games

we would give Leo a block of wood (symbolizing a football) and then try to tackle him or make him fumble before he reached the goal line. The boundaries were two rows of bushes, the sidewalk and the front of our house.

One day, when he was nothing less than magnificent, he managed to elude three human defenders (all NU ballplayers) and one large German shepherd for nearly 10 minutes. He scored countless touchdowns until finally he collapsed and was carried indoors and laid to rest on the couch. We gave him half a pound of cheddar cheese as a reward, and two days later he was fully recovered.

One night, however, I received a phone call from a girl.

"Hello, Leo?" she said.

"Uh, no, he's not here right now. Can I take a message?"

A pause and then she said, "Is Leo a dog?"

"Why, yes he is," I replied. "A beagle of sorts."

"Well, is he lost?"

"Mmm, no. I don't think so. Why?"

"Well, we've been taking in and feeding this dog who has a button on his collar that says 'Power to the Purple,' and on the back is written 'Leo' with a phone number."

Another pause. The girl asked: "Well, don't you care if he's out all night?"

"No," I lied, thinking of the wasted career. "He's got his own life to lead."

That incident saddened me, and I wondered why my dog would choose to leave me—me, who had saved him a year and a half earlier from the miseries of the Peoria dog pound.

He came back the next day, however, and things were fine for a little while. We played football every day and Leo got better and better at eluding tacklers. Even the best defensive techniques I had learned with Kansas City couldn't slow his dodging, whirling, twisting maneuvers.

Then, one dark, rainy afternoon I got another call from a different girl.

"I don't know if you'll believe this," she said, "but I saw your dog today riding the subway. He got on down in Chicago somewhere and then got off at the Foster Street station in Evanston."

I started to tell her he was only commuting from his job downtown, but then I realized it wasn't funny. It was sad—I was losing a dog.

Front-yard football's loss would be some little bitch's gain is what I figured. But maybe, just maybe, that is how it should be.

I remember now reading something that Carlos Alvarez, the University of Florida's superrecooper, said a while ago. "Football," he observed quite elegantly, "is like a rose. It's nice, but it isn't essential." I like that. I like that a lot. It sums up exactly what the sport of football should be and, by contrast, is not.

I suppose with that in mind, then, it is not so important if Leo ever carries the wood block again. If he is happy tramping around town, then *parviseum*. I am different though. I will continue to play sandlot games, a little sadder and a little wiser—but always on the lookout for the next great broken-field runner.

END

PEOPLE

Assistant Professor **Tommie Smith**, in England recently to compete in the World Professional Sprint Championship, stopped by to pay his respects and extend apologies to the Marquis of Exeter. It was the marquis who presented Smith with his gold medal for winning the 200-meter dash at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968, which Smith acknowledged with a black power salute that made front pages around the world. "I'm sorry if I caused the marquis embarrassment," said Smith, but added that "it was the right thing to do at the time." To prove times really have changed, ex-rebel Smith announced he has joined the Establishment, in a way, by accepting a job as assistant athletic director at Ohio's Oberlin College.

♦ If anybody is thinking of starting a career-of-the-month club, **Joe Kapp** ought to sign on as a charter member. The former Minnesota Viking and New England Patriot quarterback, who played mokes in Vancouver during his holdout last season,



is now in Hollywood being an actor. Here he works out with **Chad Everett** in an episode of the TV show *Medical Center*.

Joe Garagiola for Secretary of Defense? Stan Musial for Attorney General? What's going on here? Actually, these were just a few of the suggestions bantered about following the nomination of Senator **Thomas Eagleton**, a longtime Cardinal fan, for Vice President two weeks ago. Musial, who owns the hotel in Miami where most of the Missouri delegation to the Democratic Convention quartered, recalled how Eagleton and his late father—an Anheuser-Busch attorney and onetime team director—used to follow the Cards. "They'd come down to St. Petersburg in the spring and spend a lot of time on the bench and in the clubhouse," said The Man. NBC's Garagiola, meanwhile, used his old Cardinal ties to land one of the first TV interviews with the nominee.

Sven Nater, the 6' 11" UCLA reserve center who won a starting spot with the U.S. Olympic basketball team, walked out of the squad's Honolulu training camp last week and returned to his home in Long Beach, Calif. His reason: hunger. Although Coach **Hank Iba** and Olympic basketball chairman **Bill Summers** were not talking, Nater said that meals in camp were right after practice, a schedule that simply did not coincide with his hunger pangs. "I was dehydrated after practice, and didn't feel like eating," he said. "My strength was weakening and it caught up with me." He will be replaced by **Tom McMillen** of Maryland.

The U.S. Senate has passed a bill sponsored by Senator **Fred Harris** (D., Okla.) to provide for commemorative medals honoring **Jim Thorpe**, who among



other athletic achievements won the decathlon and pentathlon at the 1912 Olympics. The bill, which now must pass the House, authorizes six gold medals and up to 50,000 bronze duplicates for public sale. The idea is to rehabilitate Thorpe's image, tarnished by charges he violated his amateurism by playing semiprofessional baseball before competing in the Stockholm Games. He was later forced to return his Olympic golds.

♦ The family that chews together shouldn't lose together. Texas Ranger Coach **Nellie Fox** and his wife **Jeanne** struck this domestic-wave before a recent husband-voiced softball game in Arlington. Jeanne says she noshed leaguely at tobacco chewing, but obviously she has big-league potential.

Why is it whenever you need a cop he's out of uniform? **Willis Reed** of the New York Knicks was backing out of a garage in Queens last week and nearly ran into a car driven by off-duty patrolman **Joseph Guarino**. Words were exchanged and then, said Guarino, Reed reached for something (it turned out to be an umbrella) so the officer went for his gun. Only then, says Reed,

did Guarino identify himself. Guarino says Reed next flashed a shield at him, claiming to be a cop also. Unimpressed, the 5' 7" Guarino hauled the 6' 10" Reed to headquarters, charged with, among other things, impersonating an officer. Reed, in turn, was talking about making charges of his own.

The House Select Crime Committee finally managed to land **Frank Sinatra** for a personal appearance last week. The singer's disclosures were less than heart-stopping, however. Before a packed committee room, Sinatra told the Congressmen that, yes, he had invested \$55,000 in the Berkshire Downs racetrack in Massachusetts, but that, no, he knew nothing about alleged gangland ties with the track through **Raymond Patriarca**, a New England racketeer figure. In any case, he added, he got out of his investment shortly after learning he was being listed as an official of the corporation. This conflicted with his part ownership of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, Sinatra said. As for Joe (The Baron) **Barbena**, who had named Sinatra in earlier testimony, the singer said he was "a bum" who "went running off on the mouth."

Portrait of a smart car buyer:

He reasons thusly: The next model year is fast approaching. Present dealer inventories, therefore, must be reduced. That can mean year-end savings. (Pretty smart, eh?)

He likes a big car. With enough shoulder room, elbow room, hip room. With enough room for the whole family to ride in without taking turns breathing.

He likes to know that when he puts his foot down, he'll find a responsive Olds Rocket V-8 at the other end.



He wants a quiet car. One in which he can discuss his business prowess without shouting over wind noise. Even on a turnpike.

He wants a car not only priced to save money but built to keep on saving money. A car with built-in value that will be worth more when it's trade-in time again. (How smart can you get?)

Portrait of a smart car buy: Oldsmobile Delta 88.

Right now, during your Oldsmobile dealer's Smart Buyer Sale, smart buyers everywhere are discovering how much they can really save on a Delta 88.



Oldsmobile's year-end Smart Buyer Sale!



Putting out the fires in New York

Hot Sparky Lyle was considered too special for the All-Star Game

Sparky Lyle cannot run, hit or field. He has never started a game in the majors. He is sometimes so inattentive that his glove can be swiped out of the bullpen. So why are people disturbed that Sparky went vacationing instead of to the All-Star Game this week?

It is simply that Lyle, who plays for the Yankees, is a chief on baseball's version of Engine Co. 82, those special—and specialized—firefighters known as relief pitchers. Decades ago, when a reliever, usually a crumpling, haggard veteran with dissipated talent, trudged in from the bullpen, fans greeted him with groans. But since relief pitchers have become an elite force in recent years, Lyle rides to the mound in a jaunty, pin-striped imported car. The Yankees say he gets about 60 trips to the gallon.

Through the All-Star break, Lyle's left

arm was a better preservative than formaldehyde. It had an earned run average of 1.07 in 59 innings, two victories and 19 "saves." Only twice has his cunning slider failed to baffle Yankee opponents. "I don't know where we'd be without him," understates Yanks' Manager Ralph Houk, whose team has won 42 games. Lyle has figured in half of those victories.

Yes, but where would Albert W. Lyle be without his slider? He would probably be back in his hometown of Reynoldsville, Pa., picking coal out of a strip mine. "The biggest thing I want to do as a kid is get out of school, get a job and get out of my hometown," he says. "It's Archie Bunker country."

Lyle would appear to belong in Reynoldsville. With his thrashing brown hair combed back in a pompadour and his thickening gut, he looks like the beer-drinking rightfielder on a company softball team whose main role is to bring the opener and keep his mates laughing. Lyle indeed has the reputation of a prankster; his latest stunt was sitting on, gulp, Houk's birthday cake.

Lyle, 28, started chewing tobacco while still in high school because bubble gum ruined the fillings in his teeth. A well-used, brass spittoon sits on the floor of his dressing cubicle and, between spurts at it, he speaks in his own peculiar grammar, which seems to indicate a virulent dislike of the past tense. Talking of his nickname, he says: "My dad gave it to me." Explaining why the Red Sox traded him to New York this year: "I think they lose confidence in me."

As a pitcher, as well as a speaker, Lyle forgets the past and concentrates on the present. When summoned into a game, he usually faces the classic, late-inning pressure situation with the score close and men on base. "A relief pitcher is a specialist," he explains. "Probably more of one than anyone else in baseball. You can't feel pressure. I know I'm going to either be the hero or the goat. There's no second chance."

Accustomed to the abrupt whimsy of the game and its fans, Lyle was less disappointed than many Yankee rooters when he was not named to the All-Star team. "Someone tells me that out of all the hundreds of players ever in the All-Star Game, only 18 of them is relief pitchers," he says. Most previous All-Star managers have agreed with Baltimore's Earl Weaver that relievers are too specialized to merit selection for the game.

Perhaps because of the suddenness with which life can shower humiliation on a reliever, Lyle's humor runs along a self-deprecatory vein, particularly when he discusses his base running—a rare happening—and recalls once tripping and sprawling over third base. His hitting and fielding are hardly better. At bat, he is averaging .100, and the energy he puts into his windup usually leaves him stumbling off the mound, far out of position to field. And, he explained to his snickering teammates, it was not his fault his glove was pilfered out of the bullpen.

However, no one chuckles at him on the mound, particularly when he throws either of his two sliders. One of them breaks slightly in and down to a right-handed batter, and the other sweeps flatly and abruptly away from left-handers. Both pitches have one characteristic in common that rarely fails to frighten batters: the initial appearance of a fastball.

Since hitters see Lyle's sliders only during a few, widely separated at bats in the course of a whole season, they find them doubly difficult to hit. Indeed, they rarely see Lyle himself. During the first few innings of games, he hides out in a bullpen alcove, aware that Houk will not call on him until later. When the signal comes, Lyle loosens up to his own special music, the steady beat of the catcher's glove popping and the approving hum of a coterie of bleacher fans, who hasten to the railing whenever he begins to work. When the game has become tense enough, he will ride forth in style, bounce out of the ear and strut to the rubber, his carriage emphasizing the drama of the moment. It is inevitably a special time requiring a specialized man.

THE WEEK

NL WEST With five victories in six games, the Cincinnati Reds threatened to make a mockery of their division race and a fibber out of Manager Sparky Anderson. The Reds picked up 3½ games on second-place Houston and dashed seven games ahead in the standings, even though just two weeks earlier Anderson had predicted that the race could not be cracked open. But by finishing the week with two come-from-behind victories over Pittsburgh, the Reds had won 10 of their last 11 and were rapidly sailing out of reach.

It is not often that a manager can claim he ruined a no-hitter, but Don Zimmer of the Padres, who enjoyed a rare winning (3-2) week, admitted he had done just that. Unfortunately, it was being pitched by a member of his own staff. San Diego's Steve Arlin, a former Phillie Phanatic baby, left the Philadelphia batters looking like Little Leaguers until two were out in the ninth. Then 230-hitter Denny Doyle bounced a single over drawn-in Third Baseman Dave Roberts for the Phillies' first hit of the game. Even though Arlin had two strikes on Doyle, Zimmer had Roberts playing shallow for a possible bunt by the fleet Phillie second baseman. "He wanted to move back to a normal position, but I wouldn't let him," said Zimmer.

The slumping Atlanta Braves sagged one game farther under .500, and the smoke signals indicated that Manager Luman Harris may soon be somabawful. The Brave management was not saying yes, but it was not saying no, either. The best bet for the new Brave chief: First Base Coach Eddie Mathews, who was the first person to shake Henry Aaron's hand after The Hammer hit his 69th career homer during the week.

The Dodgers enjoyed a mild surge with five wins in six games, due mainly to a super surge by Wes Parker. The Los Angeles first baseman has driven in 18 runs in his last 21 games. Houston lost five of seven and San Francisco had little to cheer in a 3-2 week except Willie Mays—the slugging Met.

CIN 50-32 HOU 50-41 LA 47-41
ATL 41-40 SF 40-32 SD 33-54

NL EAST Trying to get some punch into their lineup, the last-place Phillies played two regular centerfielders at once. Bill Robinson started in left and Willie Montaner in center. The move produced some crunch—and not only at the plate. In the 10th inning against San Diego, Robinson and Montaner, both accustomed to coming freely, had a jolting collision while chasing a fly ball. Bruised feelings were overcome the next inning when Robinson doubled home the winning run in the Phillies' first win in five games last week.

Expansion teams usually need years to build a "traditional" rivalry, but the Montreal Expos already have a dandy feuding going. Conveniently enough, it is with another expansion team, the San Diego Padres. A banner 60 feet long hung from the left-field stands in San Diego Stadium when the Expos arrived there last Friday. It read, MONTREAL'S MOTTO: IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, BEAT 'EM. The reference was to a series earlier in the season when Montreal pitchers hit Padre batters on successive nights. "We can only take so much," Don Zimmer warned the visitors. Apparently Zimmer's players had already decided they had

too much. In the second game of the series, Expo Pitcher Carl Morton's batting helmet was rattled with a pitch by San Diego reliever Gary Ross, and several furious Montreal players spilled onto the field before calm could be restored.

Bob Gibson continued his streaking recovery from a season-opening 0-5 slump by winning his 11th game in a row for the Cardinals (3-4 for the week). Gibson admits he is taking aim on the major league season record of 19 consecutive victories held jointly by Rube Marquard and Tim Lincecum.

Billy Williams of the Cubs was another star on a streak. Williams has 28 hits in his last 52 at bats and has raised his season's average to .344, third best in the league. But not much else is hot for Chicago as the Cubs posted a 3-3 record.

Pittsburgh increased its division lead over New York to 4½ games, despite two more losses to Cincinnati. The Reds' victories ran their mastery over the Pirates to five straight games. New York received a particularly sweet game-winning home run from Willie Mays during his first appearance in San Francisco since he was traded on May 11. However, the injury-riddled Mets could pick up only one other victory for the week.

PIT 54-32 NY 48-37 ST. L 45-43
CIN 46-43 MONT 28-47 PHIL 30-57

AL WEST Not a team in the division could escape the midsummer blues. Each had a losing week, and the losses provoked plenty of grumbling. Even the Oakland A's (page 14), comfortably leading the division by seven games, turned charlous after losing five of nine.

Kansas City Royal President Ewing Kauffman, who owns a successful pharmaceutical business, found it a bitter pill to swallow as he watched his club make mental mistakes which yielded four runs—and a victory—to Baltimore. After the game, Kauffman rushed to the Kansas City dressing room to treat his players to a verbal prescription. He reminded them that their careers are relatively short—and could become even shorter if they continued to fail to use their heads on the field. Kauffman's dose was slow to act. The Royals committed two more errors and lost their next game before finally trimming the Orioles 8-5.

Another owner, Bob Short of the Texas Rangers, took a look at his team's last-place standing and called a press conference. He said his goal this year is "to draw more fans than we drew in Washington in my first year as owner there just to show the Washington press corps that we aren't bush leaguers for moving the franchise." Then Short admitted that he would not object to selling the club to local ownership for the right price.

Minnesota's new manager, Frank Quilici,

has not begun grumbling yet, perhaps because he was too stunned after the Twins lost five straight.

Anemic hitting left Chicago far behind Oakland as Walt Williams went 0 for 24, Mike Andrews 3 for 46, Carlos May 5 for 34, Jay Johnstone 4 for 28 and Ed Herrmann 1 for 28. But the Angels were even worse. California scored only seven runs in nine games and lost seven times.

OAK 55-38 CIN 47-41 MIN 42-43
KC 44-44 CAL 39-52 TEX 38-53

AL EAST The reviving Red Sox ran off seven straight victories and eight in nine games. Second Baseman Doug Griffin hustled home from first base on a 14th-inning infield error to score the winning run in the gristliest victory of the streak. Even when the Red Sox consecutive-win string was temporarily halted by the A's, there was cause for celebration. Carl Yastrzemski hit his first home run since September of last year. He had made 306 trips to the plate without one.

Division-leading Detroit remained five games ahead of third-place Boston and two up on Baltimore with six wins in seven games. Mickey Lolich won his 16th and 17th games and also completed his 17th game, both tops in the majors.

New York and Baltimore were doing some heavy hitting and won five games apiece. The Orioles got 10 hits or more in four straight games, and Boog Powell continued his resurgence at the plate despite missing several batting practices with a sore shoulder. "The way he is hitting," says Manager Weaver, "it would be O.K. with me if he never took it again."

The Yankees flexed their muscles like the Bombers of old and hit at least one home run in six straight games before being shut out by California in the first game of a doubleheader. But New York was not cooled off for long. In the nightcap, the Yanks cracked three more homers.

Cleveland Shortstop Frank Duffy has never looked better. Since switching from contact lenses to glasses a few weeks ago, he has rapped out 12 hits in 34 at bats. But the Indians still looked awful, losing 3 of 5. Milwaukee fell to its 50th loss in unique fashion. Twin Pitcher Ray Corbin was hit on the fingers while attempting a squeeze bunt that was fouled off with the bases loaded. After being denied first base because the umpire ruled he had stepped into the pitch, Corbin left the game with a sore hand. Charlie Manuel replaced him at the plate and drove in the deciding two runs with a single, the lowlight of a 4-4 Brewer week.

DET 51-30 BAL 49-38 BOST 45-40
NY 47-42 CLEV 38-48 MIL 38-50

He keeps rolling along

Bobby Allison is not exactly Old Man Recer, but he proved once again in the Dixie 500 that stock-car victories usually go to the veterans

In the twilight of his long and remarkable career, Stan Musial is reported to have said, "I'm too young to be President, but people say I'm getting too old to play this game anymore." So much for baseball. Perhaps the great St. Louis Cardinal outfielder should have been a stock-car driver—for Bobby Allison's victory in the Dixie 500 at Atlanta International Raceway last Sunday pointed up the rather startling fact that NASCAR racing is fast moving into the geriatric wing of the sports world.

Consider: the average age of the world champion Los Angeles Lakers is 28.4, the Boston Bruins 27.4, the Dallas Cowboys 27.9 and the Pittsburgh Pirates 27.5. By comparison, the Dixie field averaged a grizzled 34.5 and, more importantly, the ages of the six drivers considered pre-race favorites ranged from Fred Lorenzen's almost-38 down to Donnie Allison's 32. In between were David Pearson and Bobby Isaac at 37, Richard Petty at 35 and the winner himself at 34. All of this recently prompted youngish (30) driver Pete Hamilton to ask Isaac, "When are some of you old cats gonna retire, anyway?"

Isaac replied diffidently, "You know, Pete, I felt the same way when I was coming up."

Faunt consolation. Still, there are two good reasons for the longevity of the sport's stars. The first is that there have been no fatalities or disabling injuries among the top-echelon stock-car drivers since 1964, when Joe Weatherly and Fireball Roberts were killed within a six-month period. Drivers who long ago got good rides have tended to keep them, and as they have grown richer any thoughts of retirement have been fleeting. Petty, the undisputed financial king of the Southern racing set, says, "I made \$300,000 last year. Why in the world should I quit now?" Few would argue with him.

The second reason is potentially devastating to the sport. NASCAR is still

going through severe withdrawal pains started by the factory pullout of Ford in 1970 and Chrysler last year. Owners now must pay for performance parts that used to come through the mail like so many CARE packages. And while there are signs that new sponsorship money is slowly coming back into the sport, the fact remains that the number of full-time competitive teams is about half of what it was two seasons ago.

As a result, a roll call of the missing at Atlanta was nearly as impressive as the entry list itself. The car builders who were absent—old pros such as Ray Fox, Ray Nichols, Cotton Owens, Bango Matthews and Holman-Moody—would make up a NASCAR Hall of Fame. On the drivers' side, Charlie Glotzbach, rarely a winner but always a front-runner, was back home again—in Indiana; Cale Yarborough, who left NASCAR two years ago for the greener pastures of USAC, was tending to his many enterprises in Timmonsville, S.C.; Lee Roy

Yarborough was present, but in a Ford of dubious worth that qualified 11th fastest, 18th on the grid and on seven cylinders. Pete Hamilton and Buddy Baker were AWOL because the Atlanta track declined to give them under-the-table appearance money, extra funds paid by the six Southeastern speedways to such as Petty, Isaac, Pearson and the Allison—roughly \$2,000 per car.

Thus the rich keep getting richer while poor but deserving drivers struggle to stay on the track. After failing to qualify in the top 30, Joe Frasson delivered the eternal lament of the struggler: "If we get my Dodge to handling, it won't run; if we get it to running, it won't handle."

Lee Roy Yarborough and Hamilton represent the opposing views in the appearance-money controversy. Lee Roy allowed, "I'm just pedaling, waiting for something to happen. I've already made \$32,000 this year and I could have stayed home. But I like racing too much." Hamilton, who turned 30 the same day Pearson clocked a 158.353-mph lap to take the pole in his Glen Wood Mercury, said, "I only want what the others are getting because I think I put on as good a show as they do."

Even the cars that did show up typified the changing scene. Isaac was in a Dodge and Donnie Allison in a Ford, which was normal. But Lorenzen and Bobby Allison, who made their repu-



TRYING NOT TO LOOK TOO ELDERLY: PEARSON, PETTY AND ALLISON IN THE PITS

tations in Holman-Moody Fords nearly a decade apart, were there in Chevrolets. And Petty had traded his trademark Plymouth for an aerodynamically cleaner STP red and blue Dodge.

Meanwhile, the most obvious beneficiary of the old-age trend has been Pearson. Going into the Atlanta race, he already had established himself as the season's hero. Pearson is something of a loner in the midst of public-relations extroverts and his wry sense of humor is reserved for his intimates. (Occasionally to their embarrassment. While riding recently with a friend who was pulled over for speeding, Pearson shouted at the state trooper, "Damn, officer, thank God you stopped us. This guy's been driving 90 miles an hour for the last 10 miles down this road and it about scared me to death.")

Pearson grew up in Spartanburg, S.C.—where he still lives—began racing automobiles in 1955 and by 1960 was Rookie of the Year in his first Grand National car. He rolled on to win the NASCAR driving championship three times, and when Glen Wood gave him a new ride this spring, he won four Superspeedway events in a little under three months—and nearly \$70,000 in prize money. The sudden result: Pearson is second only to Richard Petty in career victories, 64 to 144, and second on the alltime money list, \$772,000 to \$1,275,000.

NASCAR's current big three—Petty, Pearson and Bobby Allison—have all but taken over the record book and the stock car purse strings in the past 30 months. Starting in early 1970 the three have won \$1,305,000 in prize money and 28 of the 50 major races. This year alone they have accounted for nine of the 14 big races, and 15 of 20 events overall.

Allison is the most combative of the trio. As he assesses things: "I think Petty and Pearson are more like each other than they are like me. Although Petty has run some good races recently, he tends to run strong only if it's his day. Same with Pearson. I'm more of a fighter; I don't feel like a race is over until that checkered flag drops."

Allison also is a compulsive racer. He started 98 events last year. Occasionally he has scheduled six races in one week. He raced—unsuccessfully—in Birmingham, Ala. two nights before the Duxie 500, then flew back to Birmingham the

continued

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COMFORTABLY AHEAD, BOBBY ALLISON HEADS FOR HOME AND A \$16,950 OXIE PAYOFF

next day to oversee a country and western show he was helping to promote at that track.

Said Hamilton: "Allison's hungrier, and that's helped him. Pearson is more of the old school. He can jump into anything and go—hard suspension, soft suspension, uncomfortable seat. It doesn't seem to make too much difference."

Race week itself also was a study in contrasts. On Wednesday night the drivers were invited to the mansion of Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter to sip sherry; two days later journeyman driver Neil (Soapy) Castles decked a newspaper reporter who inquired too closely about his arrest record for traffic violations. And during the whole time NASCAR technical inspectors and the assembled mechanics conducted their weekly chatter game—this time centered around the long-disputed carburetor regulations that limit the air flow to keep the fuel mix lean and the speeds down, and the rake, or tilt, of the cars. Chief Technical Director Bill Gazaway disallowed a time-trial run by James Hylton because of an illegal carburetor, and the matter of rake threatened to send just about everybody packing. A stock car is supposed to carry a relatively horizontal stance, since that is the way it comes from the showroom. But since speeds go up when the nose points down, through what one mechanic calls "Indian tricks," the cars often assume mysterious angles once they are on the track. Just as mysteriously, a few even manage to level themselves again when they return from the track for another inspection.

Still, all of that was mostly fun and games, for NASCAR has yet to disqualify the winner of a major race on technical grounds, and the fireworks

didn't really start until Sunday afternoon when the 40-car field stumbled and belched to life beneath a steaming sky that kept drivers and fans sweltering in 90° temperatures.

Rolling fast out of his pole position, Pearson totally dominated the first 230 laps, running easily and right up front. It appeared almost certain that he was headed for season victory No. 5.

Then, with the race down to 95 laps (about 143 miles to go), car owner Glen Wood bet on the weather. He lost the bet, and the race. It happened like this. A rain shower—the second of the afternoon—brought out the fifth yellow caution flag of the race. Under NASCAR rules, if the race is stopped by weather, the leader on the track is declared the winner. Bobby Allison and Petty, the only other drivers in contention, pitted immediately, leaving the lead with Pearson.

Strategist Wood held out as long as he dared, hoping the storm would end the race. He did not call Pearson in for his final fuel stop until just before the field was ready to resume racing under the green. The big storm did not come, and the stop cost Pearson half a lap. Then he slowed with a sick engine and finally finished third. Allison, meanwhile, running in the 130s, slowly built his margin over Petty in the final laps to almost 12 seconds.

It was a satisfying triumph, and a \$16,105 first-place purse moved compulsive racer Allison's earnings for the year to nearly \$150,000. More importantly, it indicated once again, in NASCAR at least, that while youth may be wasted on the young, money and victories are not. As far as Allison and the rest of the Southern graybeards are concerned, that arrangement is just dandy. **BNW**



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This year's Tour de France was a man-eater. Everyone sensed it from the beginning. Twenty-four hundred miles in 20 uneven laps—more than half of them in rugged mountains, some of which had not been included in the Tour for nearly a decade. Blinding rain, biting cold and deadly mudslides, followed by suffocating heat, tortuous ascents and 55 mph downhill runs. The race was planned beforehand to separate the men from the boys—but the results must have softened the most calculating hearts.

When it was over, more than a third of Europe's finest cyclists, including the redoubtable Spaniard Luis Ocaña, had given up. At one point Roger Pingeon, winner of the 1967 Tour and captain of the Peugeot-B.P.-Michelin team, said: "I'm just too scared to go on. I nearly missed two bends in the sprint down the mountain because of mud and rain. It's not worth it."

Of the 139 cyclists who set off from Angers on July 2, a frazzled 88 sprinted into Paris last Sunday. One of the race doctors called it "the Tour of the crippled and lame." Added an exhausted British racer: "We felt like the Light Brigade coming back from Balaklava."

Nonetheless, at the head of the Brigade, confident and unflappable as ever, rode World Champion Eddy Merckx (Sl, July 24). He won laughing, an astounding 10 minutes and 41 seconds ahead of Felice Gimondi of Italy. It was the unbeatable Belgian's fourth Tour de France victory in a row, tying Jacques Anquet-

til's record. The triumph of Merckxism is definitive. The much-heralded battle with the revenge-obsessed Ocaña did not materialize. Dogged by bad luck in the Tour (falls in '69 and '71, hemorrhoids in '70, bronchitis this year), the Spaniard collapsed in mid-race, having already pushed himself beyond endurance for the sake of his team's morale.

Ocaña's somewhat fragile constitution and inadequate racing schedule this year left him without reserves to fall back upon in the Tour. However, his "principal mistake," said the Spanish press, "is to belong to the Merckx generation." The same could be said for his colleagues. In any event, Merckx' so-called lucky victory in last year's Tour, when the front-running Ocaña fell off his bike and out of the race, was not avenged this time. *As contrarie*, it was rubbed in.

Merckx' victory was all the more convincing because it was won in a Tour that many felt was planned specifically *without* his interests in mind—and with Ocaña's. The French have often said that climbing is not a Merckx superspecialty compared, say, with running sprints against the clock. So the Tour this year (laid out, as always, by France's leading sports journal, *L'Équipe*) was as studied with hills and mountains as a ham with cloves. And it included only three timed individual sprints: Poor Merckx.

But "Cannibal Eddy," a nickname he got for his "insatiable appetite for victories," took no notice. He won all the sprints, placed a close second in the grand prize for mountain cycling and took three of the remaining awards. "Merckx grabs up every trophy in sight," complained French cyclist Cyrille Guimard. "He takes all the fun and suspense out of cycling," moaned a French journalist. But the best put-down came from the mouth of a child. After a recent minor race that Merckx felt compelled to add to his collection—and did—the six-year-old daughter of the second-place finisher confronted Eddy with the unspeakable words which were on everyone's mind: "Monsieur Le Cannibale, why don't you ever let my daddy win a race?"

Aside from Ocaña, the only racer who really gave Merckx a run for his *maillot jaune* (the yellow jersey worn by whoever has the overall lead) was the 25-year-old Guimard. In their own best of all possible Tours, Ocaña and Guimard could have looked forward to a leisurely battle for the lead. As it was, the rig-

continued



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ors of the '72 race and the omnipresence of the Merckx machine broke both of them, Ocaña quitting on the 14th lap, Guimard on the 18th.

Still, the French press went into raptures about *notre Cyrille*, singing of his "Breton audacity" and crowning him *Dauphin to Roi Eddy*. It was well-deserved praise: the unheralded Guimard performed prodigies of expert cycling, beating Merckx on at least two occasions—the sixth and seventh laps—when the world champion was trying all-out. More than once, Cyrille's astounding showing on mountainous terrain (he's known primarily as a flatland sprinter) gave the stoic Merckx "fits of pique."

But the pressure was too great, and Guimard cracked at his weakest point: his right knee. Having lost the *maillot jaune* back to Merckx on the eighth lap when the Belgian outdistanced him by over two and a half minutes in one phenomenal dash up the 4,800-foot Peyresourde, Guimard went himself out trying to recapture the lead. By the 12th lap he developed an inflammation in his knee. It got steadily worse in spite of medical treatment, and novocain injections did not dispel the pain. Guimard plugged on against his doctor's and coach's judgment because of the catastrophic effect his quitting would have on his team's share of the prize money. After having won four laps and having held first or second place for two-thirds of the Tour, he collapsed eight miles into the 18th lap. At that point he was eight minutes behind Merckx. Nonetheless, his courage and skill were impressive enough to assure the Breton the captaincy of a team in next year's Tour as well as many profitable endorsements.

Guimard's ruin brought countryman Raymond Poulidor, 36, probably the world's most frustrated and most popular cyclist, into second, more than 10 long minutes behind Merckx but a scant four seconds ahead of the hard-riding Gimondi. The last three laps of the Tour saw Poulidor's desperate attempt to stave off Gimondi, but to no avail. The Italian poured it on in the last lap to overtake him. *Pou-Pou*, as his fans call him, has been racing in Tours de France since the Anquetil days (1957-64) but in spite of his excellent showings (usually second place), he has never won the *maillot jaune* for a single day. Some feel he is just too nice, and they may well be correct. This year, for example, *Pou-Pou*

steadfastly and honorably refrained from passing his teammate, the ailing Guimard, who limped along a minute or so ahead, even though he could easily have done so. In such an extraordinarily punishing race as the '72 Tour, Poulidor surprised everyone with his freshness and vigor. The way he battled Gimondi in the final 26-mile sprint to Paris was reminiscent of his triumph earlier this year in the Paris-Nice race where another of his last-minute mad dashes snatched victory from the great Merckx himself.

As for Merckx, his performance was simply extraordinary. Once he grabbed firm hold of the lead on his prodigious eighth lap, there was no stopping him. His distances over the second-place cyclists increased with methodical regularity: two minutes, 33 seconds on lap eight, five minutes, 13 seconds by lap 13, 10 minutes, three seconds going into the last leg from Versailles to Paris. Beyond noting his monotonous brilliance there was little anyone could write about Merckx. Reporters were reduced to describing the kind of detergent the Tour used to wash Eddy's underwear (it was chafing him after lap 16).

The Merckx technique rarely changed. Having won a remarkable six laps (two more than any other cyclist), he concentrated on increasing his lead over Guimard, Ocaña, Poulidor and Gimondi, while not concerning himself overly with amassing bonus points and other frills. He wisely avoided the daily half-crazed arrival sprints in which younger and hungrier pedalers gain points at the risk of bruises, broken collarbones (there were at least three in this year's Tour) or, worst of all, a multibike chain reaction crack-up.

Unlike Guimard, who needed his team's bonus points to maintain an occasional 10- or 15-second lead during the early laps, Merckx subtly used his teammates to control the pack, allowing the leader to sprint ahead almost whenever he felt like it. Eddy usually ran along a second or two behind—but always prepared to take the lead in an emergency. Said veteran Merckx-watcher Terry Williams: "Eddy has grown up a lot this year. He has honed his technique perfectly and no longer feels threatened by other cyclists. The psychological crises of last year's Tour are a thing of the past. He is an unrivaled athlete at the height of his powers. The reign of King Eddy is absolute."

END

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When you can't clout 'em, cook 'em

The Mets' injured Rusty Staub, slugging and saucier extraordinary, finds some solace in the kitchen

Rusty Staub was standing in his very small Manhattan kitchenette, trying to squeeze garlic through a press. "I can't even get a grip on this thing," he said, shaking his injured hand and picking up a jar of garlic powder instead. The New York Mets slugger, who under rather remarkable circumstances has become an expert cook, was preparing what he calls his "cure-all" sauce, a mushroom concoction that he serves with game birds. Since Staub normally has as heavy a hand with a garlic press as with a baseball bat, the sauce would be, alas, less savory than usual. He was also frying out two pounds of bacon, the fat to be used to crisp the skins of a dozen teal, pintail and mallard ducks he had brought down from Montreal the day before. When Staub was traded from the Expos to the Mets, he left behind in Montreal a freezer filled with game he had shot, plus a few dozen Dover sole and scampi.

Staub hardly thought when he filled the freezer that cooking would be his main game for the summer, but so it turned out. His injured right hand, which was discovered last week to have a bro-

ken bone in it, will keep him out of the Met lineup until September. That is hard on a man who likes to play every day, not to mention being hard on the Mets. But Staub has been fighting frustration as best he can: buying equipment for his kitchen, searching out a superior butcher on New York's East Side and cooking for friends.

The evening's duck was being prepared for teammates Jim Fregosi, Dave Marshall and Ken Boswell, who live in the same apartment building, and a few other friends. Rusty washed out the birds, then began to put spices into the flour he would use to dredge them. "I've always liked to cook," he said. "When I come off a road trip I don't want to go out to eat. In some ways the setup here reminds me of the first year I played pro ball—in Arizona, where we lived four to a room. It was the Savoy Field Apartments in Scottsdale. I'll never forget the name. They had a fantastic barbecue pit. That's where I got started."

It was 11 years ago that Staub, then 17, and his brother Chuck left New Orleans to play minor league ball for Scottsdale. "They deducted the rent from our paychecks, and after that there wasn't much left," he recalls. "So we found a wholesale market, and we'd write home and ask how to cook what we'd bought. Mother always came through."

By mail from New Orleans, Mrs. Staub taught her son how to prepare some basic dishes—such Louisiana favorites as oysters Rockefeller, red beans and rice and artichoke balls, plus some concoctions of her own. The lessons continued when Rusty was transferred to a team in Apache Junction, but his opportunities for practical application were limited. There was no kitchen available to Staub—the team was fed en masse—but his creole correspondence continued.

Moving on to the relative sophistication of Durham, N.C., Staub experimented with regional specialties, and by the time he joined the Houston Astros in 1963 he was a good enough cook to prepare not only oysters Rockefeller, but fried oysters and chicken for 50 of his friends at a Christmas feast. On days off he went hunting and perfected recipes for the game he shot: venison, moose, geese, quail, dove and duck. He became a fine shot, a good chef and not a bad ballplayer.

Montreal fans gave him a new nickname, and duck Le Grand Orange be-

came a regular feature at the Expos' dinner parties. The dish was not one of Mrs. Staub's recipes, but it does have its origins in Louisiana. It came to Staub via Mel Didier, a hunting friend from Baton Rouge and the Expos' chief scout.

This evening marked the first time Staub had made such a dinner in New York and he was dubious about an important ingredient, the sausage. "It should be real country sausage, but I guess Jones will have to do," he said, stirring two pounds of it and three pounds of chopped beef into some cooked wild rice. This preparation, broiled in the oven, accompanied the birds.

The ducks had been floured and browned, then cooled a little. Now Staub put a small amount of cooking oil and about three cups of water into each of two big Dutch ovens. Holding the birds one by one over the pots, he stuffed some with mushrooms from the "cure-all" sauce and the others with a mixture of chopped green pepper, celery, onion and some of the sausage meat. The cure-all ducks went into one pot, the green-peppered ones into the other. Juices from the birds dripped into each pot as he stuffed them, contributing to a natural sauce. During two hours of cooking over small gas burners the ducks would stew in their own juice.

"It's tough to really mess it up, you just have to keep your head," said Staub, tucking leftover vegetables from the stuffing around the birds. He gave them a final pat, covered the pots and turned the gas down very low. He phoned a friend upstairs to turn off the burners after two hours, and leaving supper to simmer, he departed for Shea Stadium, where he sat by helplessly through 14 long innings as the punchless Mets lost to San Diego 1-0.

Then it was home again with Marshall, Fregosi and Boswell, who found Staub had a winner in his kitchen. The ducks were reheated and the wild-rice casserole was put under the broiler for 20 minutes. The ducks smelled divine. At exactly 1 a.m. Staub spooned duck gravy over the rice, and suddenly Louisiana seemed a lot closer than Shea. The birds were full of flavor—rich and spicy. The chef was a hit. **END**

LE GRAND ORANGE prepares a few birds for an after-Shea soiree with his teammates Dave Marshall and Jim Fregosi, among others.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STERNY



Win, place and show them who is best

As arguments flared in the aftermath of this year's Roosevelt International, it became clear that the only way to calm down the disputes was to stage a separate three-horse showdown—winner take almost all

Everybody knew that it was more than just another horse race. The real problem lay in sorting out the humans and just who was mad at whom. First there came the French, a tightly knit group still boiling because their great 8-year-old champion, Une de Mai, had been expelled from the \$125,000 Roosevelt International the week before. Then there was Duncan MacDonald, the Canadian millionaire, and he, too, was angry. MacDonald had accused his driver, Joe O'Brien, of unevenly deeds after his Fresh Yankee had not showed her usual explosive starting speed and had finished second to Speedy Crown in that rich classic. "I'll drive my own horse from now on, and maybe better," muttered MacDonald. Since O'Brien is as close to sainthood as any harness driver may ever get, that left still another group of racing followers angry. The tempers flared all week right up to last Saturday night's showdown: a three-horse, \$150,000 match race.

To flashback briefly to the exciting opening episode, Une de Mai, top money-winner in all harness-racing history, had arrived from France rich in banknotes but, alas, one paper poor in meeting the immigration demands of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. For the oversight, the mare was penalized twice the normal 24 hours in quarantine while the missing document was flown from Paris. Une de Mai came out of the idleness with her hindquarters so tight that her group was set to withdraw her. But, "she has recovered quickly," said French Drive Jean-René Gougouin on the day of the race. The Roosevelt officials decided she could race—but that no one would be allowed to bet on her. Then some of the other drivers, led by Speedy Crown's Howard Beissinger and George Sholtz, argued that if the mare was not fit for wagering, she wasn't fit for racing, period. Finally, at the last moment the state racing commission barred the winner of two of the last three Inter-

national. Some fine Gallic curses were uttered, if not understood.

The race went on without Une de Mai. Beissinger won with Speedy Crown and MacDonald came away frothing at O'Brien. Early next morning the owner and the driver met in the lobby of the Island Inn Motel in Westbury, N.Y.

Recaps MacDonald: "I told him, 'Joe, at any time did you try? You went for second place.' And at no time did he deny that there was something afoot." (MacDonald was alluding to a possible conflict of interest on O'Brien's part. Among others who employ O'Brien as a trainer-driver is a group that owns a piece of Speedy Crown.)

Then, MacDonald said, O'Brien told him to go to hell, that no man questioned his integrity.

Recaps O'Brien: "He never asked me anything. He was waving his arms and raving and saying, 'I know all about it, you never tried.' I never held back a horse in my life and I wasn't going to listen to anyone question my integrity. He was like a madman. She's his mare. He can keep her."

Roosevelt officials, who know a dramatic confrontation when they see it shaping up, offered to match the three horses in a \$50,000 race, winner take all. "No," said MacDonald. "Not winner take all."

"No," said Count Pierre de Montesson, the frozen-meat tycoon from Necedah who owns Une de Mai. "The horse is feeling much better, but not better enough for winner take all."

Just as it seemed the match race was disappearing, Alan Leavitt, who heads the group that recently syndicated Speedy Crown, suggested the track put up \$75,000, each owner add another \$25,000—and that they split the pot \$100,000, \$30,000 and \$30,000. In effect, it meant that the track upped its ante to \$75,000, winner take all, with a \$5,000 side bet between the second and third horses. All agreed on the compromise.

Once the race was agreed upon, Speedy Crown, last year's Hambletonian winner and 3-year-old trotter of the year, quickly became almost everybody's champion to defend O'Brien's good name by soundly thrashing the MacDonald-driven Fresh Yankee, a 9-year-old who has returned \$1,250,502 on MacDonald's original \$900 investment. Almost everybody's champion. The French, still angry at being scratched the previous week, were rooting only for themselves.

By Saturday afternoon MacDonald was ready to dismiss the animosity on his part. He is a stubborn man and he doggedly defended his outburst against O'Brien, yet at unguarded moments he seemed inwardly to regret it.

"I've been good to Joe," he said, as though puzzled by the outrage of his peers. "I told him the horse was good for him and I was happy for him. He got over \$100,000 out of that horse. I don't appreciate hurting him." But then the voice hardened: "The horse had three two-minute miles or better this year and at no time in the International did he try with her. He just pulled up and didn't do a good job. I just told him it looked funny to me. If he got hot, I'm sorry. If he can't take a little criticism, well, after all, I'm the owner. And I don't care what other people say. They are always saying things. I'm a good driver. We'll see tonight if I'm right or wrong."

MacDonald has been training and driving harness horses for more than 25 years, but mostly on small Canadian tracks. Until last Saturday night, he had never driven in New York.

"He's an amateur," said one veteran driver. "It's like taking A. J. Foyt out of a car and replacing him with Little Orphan Annie. Beissinger and Gougouin will eat him alive."

"I don't understand how anyone could question O'Brien's integrity," said Sholtz. "If anybody stands for honesty in this sport, it's Joe. He'd beat his own grandmother in a race if he could. The

whole thing is absolutely ridiculous."

Beissinger was similarly disgusted by MacDonald's assault. "Anybody who would question Joe O'Brien's integrity is just plain crazy. Joe O'Brien is the last man in the world you'd ever accuse of any kind of cheating. Why, he tries for his life every time he goes out on the track. There isn't a person in the country who doesn't know that."

A few hours before the race the principals gathered in the paddock. Beissinger, cheerful as usual, joked quietly with friends and ignored the occasional dark glares cast in his direction by Gougeon. MacDonald, his hard craggy features jutting from beneath his helmet, stood alone against the railing. To each of the few people who did approach him, he would say, "I was good to Joe. . . ." To one he said sadly, "Do you hope I'll get beat tonight, too?" Then a little smile appeared. "Well," he said, "we're going after them."

Then it began. The three flowed evenly behind the start car—and there went MacDonald and Fresh Yankee out in front, swooshing along, with, typically, Une de Mai just outside. "Beautiful," thought Beissinger, tucking Speedy Crown in on the rail as they sped the first quarter in 30 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. They stayed that way until about the three-quarter pole when Fresh Yankee—no longer fresh—began to fall back. Now Gougeon made his move with Une de Mai, but it was not enough. Near the top of the stretch, having saved his horse the entire trip, Beissinger pushed Speedy Crown to the lead and won by an easy length. The exhausted Fresh Yankee was 14 lengths farther back. Speedy Crown's time was 2:32 $\frac{1}{2}$, just $\frac{1}{4}$ off the world record for 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles on a half-mile track.

"That Frenchman," said MacDonald, shaking his head. "He pushed me all the way and we had to go faster than we wanted. If he hadn't, we'd have had more left at the end. He just paid more attention to me than to the other horse." Beissinger came back laughing. "Boy," he said, "that was the easiest big race I've ever won. Fresh Yankee really got tired. I've never seen her that tired before. 'Course, I've never seen that man behind her before, either."

Or perhaps it was just as Joe O'Brien had said after the International. "Fresh Yankee is a great horse. But Speedy Crown is a great horse, too. And he's a lot younger."

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

She was lovely; perhaps she still is. Obsessed, and surely she remains that. A woman scorned, but now—her talent thoroughly established—she rightfully can scorn. And does. She is Robyn Smith. Or is she?

by FRANK DEFORD

Robyn Smith, the jockey, invented herself a few years ago so that she could succeed in that role. Few athletes have forfeited more than she has to chase after a dream, to try to live out a little girl's fantasy, for she gave up a good and glamorous life in the pursuit. She changed her style and her habits, she traded in a knockout face and figure for a jockey's stark image, and she discarded her past, pretending almost that she never had one, that she just materialized, walking out of the mist at dawn one morning late in 1968 at Santa Anita. Even her closest friends have no firm idea who she is or where she came from or even, for sure, what her name is. Nor, as she protests, is any of that really important. She has constructed this whole other person, forming her out of perseverance and independence and ambition and talent—and because she likes the new person much more than whoever Robyn Smith was before.

And it has worked. There is nothing there anymore but Robyn Smith, the jockey.

Once she was good looking enough to work seriously toward a Hollywood career, but by now the transformation is so complete that Robyn Smith (*see cover*) actually looks her prettiest in racing silks. She is 5'7", standing on long, lovely legs, the kind so fine that women envy them; not just the things that men whistle at when a skirt

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY ODOKE

rides high. She has dimples, chestnut hair and eyes the color of twilight that alternately doubt and challenge. Yet seldom does she flatter herself. Usually she wears pants and baggy cardigans, and after them racing silks look positively feminine on her.

She claims her natural weight is around 110, but that is preposterous. A high-fashion model of her height would hardly be that light. Probably Robyn weighed 125 before she became a jockey. She strips at no more than 105 now, is flat-chested and her riding breeches hang down, flapping, off her hips. "Her little rear end is like a couple of ham hocks," says a friend who worries about her. Her face is gaunt and drawn, and life comes to it only from the sun and the freckles on her nose.

She is still pretty, even beautiful in profile (where she does not appear so skinny), but those who knew her when she was just getting into racing shake their heads at the beauty she exchanged for stirrups. These people all say: "You should have seen her then." They all shake their heads and say that. She doesn't seem to care. Barry Ryan, a trainer she knows well, one day said something like, "Robyn, you're just looking awful," and she replied, "Great!" gaily, defiantly.

Yet she is almost paranoid on the subject of photographs she considers unflattering. Something so concrete, so conclusive as a picture perhaps forces her to remember what she was. Otherwise she has no time or inclination for that, except on rare occasions when she suddenly decides that she is giving the wrong impression, that she is sounding too manish or neuter. Then she pauses and carefully sets the record straight. Like the thin man who is supposed to be yelping to get out of every fat man, there is still a gorgeous, alluring woman inside Robyn Smith, the jockey, and not often, but every now and then this creature tosses her head and sighs.

A newspaper reporter was trying to convince her one day that she should let him ghost her autobiography. Robyn wasn't interested. "Why don't you do one of the other women jockeys—Archie Dittmore or Donna Hillman?" she asked, putting him off.

"Donna Hillman?" he said. "You mean the pretty one?"

Robyn cocked her head and smiled at how silly a man could be. "No, I'm

the pretty one," she replied, correctly.

Her retreat from glamour has been largely forced upon her, because even now that she has established herself as one of the better riders in the country, there still are whispered innuendos and snickers whenever a new trainer puts her up on a horse. And the mere threat of gossip costs her work. "This lame excuse I always hear," she says. "I'd like to use you, Robyn, but my wife won't let me. And it's true—not all trainers, of course. But I have trainers' wives come up to me and say sweetly, 'Why, Robyn, we're all just so thrilled you're riding so beautifully and doing so well,' and then I'll hear that these same women behind my back have said, 'That bitch better not come around my husband looking for horses.' I mean, I've actually heard these things.

"Well, the truth is, nobody at the track is impressed with my looks. I've never once had a trainer make a play for me. I've never even had one ask me out. I wouldn't go out with one even if he did ask. I just don't want to feel obligated to anyone for putting me up on a horse. Now don't get me wrong: it doesn't bother me that nobody asks. I just got over the other extreme, in Hollywood, where everyone was after my body—you know, I mean everyone was after everyone's body. So I don't mind it at all. And look, if I've got to go out with a trainer to get rides, how long would I last? I'm legitimate. I don't care whether anyone believes that, but that's the truth."

The record supports her. Miss Smith has ridden regularly in the big time in New York since late 1969. She lost her apprentice allowance last January, and while she had developed a grudging reputation as a pretty good "bug boy," most people expected her to fade away without the weight bonus that is granted to beginners. Besides, racing's bias against females had denied Robyn the experience that most good apprentices pick up. For example, Bobby Woodhouse, another fine young American rider, won his first race in the summer of 1969 at virtually the same time Robyn did. Yet in 1969 and 1970 Woodhouse had 1,657 mounts while Robyn had a grand total of 67. Only in the past few months has she even been able to retain an agent.

Despite this, she simply went out and forced herself to become a better rider

after she lost the apprentice allowance. "She's 80% improved from last year," says Angel Cordero, one of New York's leading riders. At the spring meeting at Aqueduct this year, she finished seventh in the jockey standings although she had only 98 mounts, while all the other jockeys except one in the top 10 had at least twice as many rides. Only Cordero had a better winning percentage than Miss Smith's 20%, and it is even more impressive to note that at the top track in the country she was the leading U.S. jockey; the six riders ranked ahead of her were foreigners. By the end of that meeting it could be fairly argued that the best young American jockey was a woman.

"I never thought she would ever do anything like this," says John Rotz, who rides against her and occasionally takes her out. "And I told her so." He drew thoughtfully on his cigar. "Of course, Robyn will never listen to you when you tell her things like that."

This apparent inability to discourage easily, if at all, has been her salvation. When she first appeared in New York, nobody would give her a chance even to breeze a horse. That only encouraged her to walk around and mumble lines out of old Alan Ladd movies: "Someday, mister, you'll beg me to ride in a stakes for you." Robyn is given to stuff like that. She also says things like: "I don't need anybody at all in the world" and "I have nothing to hide."

She is attracted to melodrama, especially when it conflicts with the dull truth. The matter of how she got to New York is a small thing, for instance, but a typical example. Actually, the trip came about through the offices of a New York trainer named Buddy Jacobson, who had encountered her somewhere along the way in California, where she had been riding on the rinky-dink fair circuit. Jacobson brought her East, but he lost interest in her potential almost immediately and, as a consequence, he has been written entirely out of Robyn's script. According to her story her motivation was pretty much on the order of Saul's after what happened on the road to Damascus. "Dammit, I said," she recalls vividly, "'If I'm gonna do it, I'm gonna do it right.'" Whereupon, in her version, she then got all her money together, just ditched her car and took the next flight to the Big Apple.

Robyn is right; it is a much better

story that way. But it really isn't necessary, for things were soon genuinely desperate for her in New York. Without Jacobson's help, she had to scuffle for any opportunity. She would run from barn to barn, pleading for a chance. She was getting short on money. "Time was running out," she says. "People were getting set to move south. I get very defensive when I'm down and out, so I acted like a rich girl. You know, I lied about things to build myself up. Of course, even then I thought I was a great rider. That was no front." Luckily, it rained one November morning.

"It was a cold, driving rain," says Trainer Frank Wright, a handsome Tennessean whom Robyn came to see that dreary dawn. "I had chased her away from the barn once before, but I guess somebody sent her back because I had been one of the first to use exercise girls, and my wife is a show-ring rider. Robyn just stood there outside, with the rain falling on her, and when I looked down and saw the water running out of her boots, I said, 'Well, please come inside.' I told her, all right, I would give her a chance to gallop for me, and she just smiled and thanked me and ran right off to the next barn in the rain. Robyn always runs, even these days."

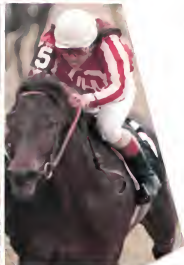
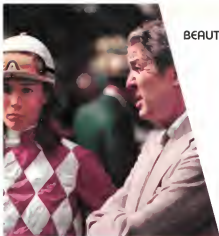
She rode her first race for Wright on Dec. 5, 1969 on a horse named Exotic Bird who was owned by a Detroit dentist. Exotic Bird's distinguishing feature was his penchant for finishing last. "What have we got to lose?" Wright asked the dentist, and Robyn just missed by a nose getting fourth money. "There's a mechanics in all sports, and a lot of people pick that up," Wright says. "But beyond that, there's a naturalness that can't be learned. In riding, when someone has that, we just say that horses run for him. You can't see it in specific style or technique. You just find it out: horses run for him. Well, horses run for Robyn, and you could sense that right away. The same horse would go in 47 for another rider, and then he'd do 46 and three for her. That was the first thing that was apparent. Trainers accepted Robyn long before owners."

Robyn had been riding for a little over a year when Wright put her up on Exotic Bird at Aqueduct. She had never seen a horse race until sometime in the spring of 1968; one day a date had just happened to take her to Santa Anita. This occurred while she was an aspir-

continued



BEAUTY *continued*



ing film actress, going to acting school in Hollywood. She is not, however, "a former Hollywood starlet" as it always says in the stories about her the first time her name is mentioned.

Robyn also used to maintain that she was an English major at Stanford, class of '66, but that turns out to be a complete fabrication. Robyn says, indignantly, it is unfair to blame the Stanford hoax on her because when she was under contract to MGM the studio made up the fiction for publicity handouts. Unfortunately, MGM has never heard of Robyn Smith. Indeed, the studio did not have any aspiring actresses under contract at the time.

But unlike the Stanford business, which was made up out of whole cloth, the "studio" interlude has just been embellished a little. It seems that Miss Smith was enrolled at the Columbia Studio's acting workshop and had a good industry contact in Martin Ransohoff, who is the president of a large production company named Filmways. Robyn always says Ransohoff was her agent, but it turns out he really wasn't—well, let's not get bogged down in that.

Ransohoff certainly helped her, and he remembers her fondly. "There aren't many people I have enjoyed more," he says. "Robyn was the cream-and-honey outdoor type. I believe if she had stayed in Hollywood big things could have happened for her." Robyn, naturally enough, quite agrees with this assessment. "Oh, I could have made it in acting," she declares, dismissing the subject. "There's absolutely no doubt in my mind about that."

However, racing began to fascinate Robyn about this time. In Maryland a show-ring rider named Kathy Kusner was getting a lot of publicity suing for the right to ride, and it was clearly just a matter of time for the girls. That was when Robyn Smith, the jockey, was created. Her entrée at Santa Anita was a trainer named Bruce Headley, who had met her a couple of years before ("Talk about beautiful; you should have seen her then"). He let her work horses for him in the morning before she went to acting school.

"The horses weren't so scared, but boy, I was," Robyn recalls, in a most uncommon burst of self-deprecation. "Invariably, they'd run away with me, but it was dark in the morning that time of the year and Headley couldn't see. One

day, when it got lighter in the morning, he said, "Gee, you don't gallop real good, do you?"

But Robyn was determined and, says Headley, no less proficient than any new male rider. She still was strictly a novice when an owner named Kjell Ovale, who was on the board of directors at Golden Gate Park near San Francisco, heard about the lovely exercise girl at Santa Anita. By now, March 1969, girls had won the right to ride and had become something of a fad. Everybody had to see one once, like dirty movies. Ovale gave Robyn her first mount in a race on April 5. Robyn shrugs at the whole experience. Golden Gate got publicity and she got her license.

"Everything is timing in this world," she said. She was sitting this day in some new hay in a stall at Belmont. She had on her usual costume—the pants and the dreary blouse and the cardigan—but she looked pretty, if not in any kind of starlet way. She looked like the tomboy kid sister just before they made her put on lipstick and a bra and wear the new gown with crinolines. *Wow! Is that really you, Robyn Corvino?* She was not pleased. She took off her sweater and made a muscle and a face. She made the muscle, a very nice right biceps, to prove that she is deceptively strong. She made the face because she was mad that she did not have a single mount that afternoon. Robyn is not beautiful when she is mad. She is terrifying.

"What the hell do I have to do?" she asked. "Eighteen percent I'm winning. Eighteen percent, and I don't have one ride. Ah, I should just forget about it and go shopping or something. There's jockeys who just love it when they can get a day off. But I don't have any ambition to do anything else. It's my whole life. I never knew it would be so satisfying to win. I love horses and speed, and I've always liked competition, but I never knew it would be so satisfying to win. Nothing makes me happier. I mean, some man could buy me something, anything, and it wouldn't mean as much to me as winning a race. I just love to win. It satisfies me mentally. If I don't win, I get very depressed.

"All I want to do is be happy, and racing makes me happy. It's the only thing that makes me happy."

She is obsessed with it. Nothing else interests her. Says Frank Wright, who remains a close friend: "You'd think

she'd allow me 10 minutes of latitude in a conversation, but all she does is pick your brain about racing." Until the spring meeting, when she hit it big and began to show herself a little at night, Robyn was so conscientious that she almost never stayed up past nine o'clock, and she tends to torment herself any night, rerunning the day's races until she falls asleep. She lives only five minutes from Belmont in a well-carpeted apartment she shares with two pet rats, and she never strays far from that general area of Long Island. Manhattan, half an hour away, is merely another place without a racetrack that she has no reason to visit. Her social life, such as it is, revolves around the track. Her hobby is to graze horses.

"A lot of nights I come over to the stables and just walk with them," she says, "because, you know, I like them. I like to graze the horses I ride, especially the ones that win for me. It's their reward, sort of, and besides, I like to be around the animal that won for me because that means a lot to me."

"Now don't get the wrong impression. I'm not so hung up on it that I'm sick. When I do it, I just do it because that is what I feel like doing. I'm not liable to graze on a cold rainy night in February, but I have done it on a cold rainy night in February just because all of a sudden I felt like it."

"You know, not all of it is the animal. I just like to be alone. I don't think I'll ever get married. I'm just a loner. I've had friends who see me grazing, and they come over and want to talk with me. It doesn't occur to them that I might just want to be alone with a horse."

A cat came to the door of the barn. One of Robyn's stories is that she was once allergic to cats and dogs and horses and stable dust. This is why she never rode as a child. Robyn Smith, the jockey, doesn't have this allergy, although it is never clear exactly why. She took the cat in her lap and petted it devotedly and was lost, absolutely lost, for a while. Montaigne wrote, "When I play with my cat, who knows if I am not a pastime to her more than she is to me?" and one thinks that of Robyn with cats and horses alike. She has broken down and cried, hopelessly, just because a time conflict has robbed her of the chance to breeze a horse. For animals she has patience, and with them she never wears

that look of suspicion she reserves for all the prying people.

One day at Aqueduct just after a trainer had lifted her up onto her mount, Robyn took the reins and broke into a huge smile. By the paddock rail a fat man, no doubt referred to as "heavyset" wherever he drinks beer, grew excited. "The bitch smiled!" he cried. "I got to bet her. I never seen her smile before." His companion, a much smaller man in a car coat who is, it seems, more of a paddock behavioral authority, was quick to rebut. "Nooo," he said. "The bitch just never smiles with the people, with the trainers and whatnot. Onna horse she smiles alla time."

"Onna horse she smiles?"
"Onna horse, yeah, regular."

Her disposition is not, for all that, so easily defined, if only because nothing about Robyn is that put. "Now don't get the wrong impression," she declares again, with some new urgency. "I'm not a recluse or anything. All those parties in Hollywood, I liked them well enough, I just had enough of that. Besides, it's just that I don't care if I'm seen. I'm not really impressed by anything. I mean that. Nothing impresses me. I guess I'm an iconoclast. I guess I'm the biggest iconoclast I know."

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt (*with Robyn at upper left*), who is chairman of the New York Racing Association, used Robyn as his regular rider for several months this year until they had a falling out late in June. For a while, they were good friends. Robyn confounds Vanderbilt as much as she beguiles him. "Her life is very full," he says. "She knows just what she wants to do, and she's going to do it. I asked her once what she wanted most, and she said she wanted to be the best rider in the world. In the world, just like that. I suppose she would have said the best rider in the world ever, but she just didn't think of that at the moment."

The fact is, though, that obscured by all the forced *National Velvet* business, in barely four years this young woman has risen from learning how to stay on a horse to a position among the elite in a very hard, dangerous profession. That she has managed this ascent despite the strong bias against women in her field makes the success story all the more remarkable. Miss Smith is no *National Velvet*; she is pure and simple Horatio Alger, an old-fashioned all-American melting-

continued

pot hero who just happens to be a heroine. Her natural instincts and a large talent were requisite, but what kept her aloft were the corny storybook values: determination, confidence, stick-to-it-iveness, sacrifice and all the rest. She has never let up. "You've got to remember," says Frank Wright, "that Robyn had to be at her very best every morning. Every morning. Because every morning there was someone around just waiting for her to slip up so he could say, see, I told you so."

Miss Smith's big break came when Allen Jenkins of Hobeau Farm gave her a chance and, significantly, he took her on largely for reasons of spirit. "I liked her interest," he explains in his soft, measured way. "She has a lot of desire and as much determination as anyone I've ever seen." Around the track Jenkins commands respect. "The fact that he put her on live horses—that was like the *Good Housekeeping* seal," Wright says.

Jenkins liked the way horses ran for Robyn. She was always strong out of the gate—even Bruce Headley, her first tutor, remembers that distinctly—but Jenkins noticed that she could rate her mounts well, too. "She gives a horse a chance," he says. He considers Robyn a weak finisher, though. Women riders as a group have suffered this criticism because the stretch drive is where a jockey's strength tells. So it is especially meaningful when a rider such as Condero now testifies: "Robyn is saving more ground and she is keeping her cool at the end." Presumably, even though the motion infuriates her, Robyn is just never going to be able to regularly out-muscle male riders down the stretch, so she is going to have to depend on these other assets.

She has some advantages. Her general style, notably her seat, is copied from Eddie Arcaro; she read his book and follows it faithfully. Perhaps more important, she brings a clever mind to her business. Vanderbilt says that aside from Eric Guerin, who rode Native Dancer for him, he never had a jockey who could size up a horse so well.

Robyn is bound to improve simply by getting more chances to ride. Like many other inexperienced jockeys, she cannot yet, for instance, switch the whip from one hand to another without first lodging it in her mouth, and her left-hand whipping is atrocious. She also has

a tendency to lose her concentration and treat a horse like a car in traffic, stop and go, or to let a race get away from her, if only for a couple of moments. "It usually happens about the quarter pole," Jenkins says. "I'll tell her—well, you took your little nap again—and she'll get furious. But I don't see her blowing races that I think she should win."

Says Vanderbilt, "Even before Robyn rode for me, I wanted to see her make it. She deserves to make it. She's just plain good, and she cares. Horses run freely for Robyn. She has no fear out on the track; she's a fighter. As far as I know, this is the only girl in any sport who has ever competed with men on equal terms."

Robyn has reached this unique estate because she is a natural athlete and because she has always competed with men as a matter of course, if not at such a high level. Since the word "Jockeyette" was removed from the ladies' locker room at Aqueduct, her only real complaint about the facilities is that she cannot go into the men's quarters and play pool with them—despite her assurances that "I won't look."

As a kid she played boys' games, and certainly jockeys don't intimidate her because she is, after all, taller than everybody she rides against. "The men jockeys have treated me terrific," she says, "but then, all my friends have always been men. I resented being called a tomboy, though, because I wouldn't want to be a man. I like them too much. I just get along with them, period. Women resent this for some reason. My mother used to resent this. Like when she and my father would have people over, I'd hang around with the men." Robyn always addresses married couples as "you guys."

She exercises every morning, runs religiously, and indulges herself only in a little wine and brandy. She is a fine golfer, long off the tee, and picks up any sporting activity easily. Kanschoff, the film producer, took her deep-sea fishing. "We hit a school of albacore," he says, "and I mean they were rolling. Robyn hung more albacore in that hour than any man on board."

"I'm thin, but I'm strong," Robyn explains clinically, getting set to flex again. "I always had good muscles. I'm a rare physical individual—and I'm not trying to be narcissistic about it. It's just that I'm very unusual in that way."

Yet Robyn has taken off so much weight that she appears to have no emotional reservoir to sustain her. Her system is littered with the residual effects of weight pills, water pills, hormone pills, big pills, little pills, pill pills that she gobbles indiscriminately. Even when she was a world-beater at the spring meeting, she was constantly at a temperamental flood tide. She breaks into tears regularly, not only over losing a race but, say, while watching some banal TV drama. The least aggravation unnerves her. People fall out of her favor upon the smallest alleged slight, only to return just as whimsically to her good graces. Her fetish for freedom borders now on mania; it is easier to schedule an appointment with the Dalai Lama than Robyn Smith. She has become less receptive to criticism, and woe to the most well-intentioned innocent who forgets and idly tells her the same thing twice.

Indeed, in the last couple of months, she has contrived to bring such disaster down around her pretty head that at times she seems bent on self-destruction, her own worst enemy. When she was riding so high several weeks ago Barry Ryan was moved, in a moment of sad presence, to say: "I don't want people to get mad at Robyn because now that she has made it to the top, I'm afraid of what she might do to herself if she starts to go down. Someday soon we're going to find out whether Robyn Smith is a big girl."

Sadly, she sometimes is a horrid little one. One day, for instance, she canceled her mounts at the last minute, saying she was sick. She was not too ill, however, to pop over to Belmont that afternoon and take a good Jenkins horse she rides, Mighty Lak A Rose, out to graze. Shortly thereafter Miss Smith was set down for 10 days for careless riding (she bore out on the turn, and in the ensuing jam another jockey fell), and perhaps she fumed even more over a Dutch Uncle warning she received from one of the stewards, who cautioned her that her reputation was being made vulnerable by her new habit of hanging out at a particular restaurant.

Systematically, it seems, she has set out in recent weeks to heap vitriol on those who have helped her the most. Among the more important people she has cut down are her agent, George DeJesus, and Alfred Vanderbilt. Robyn maintains that Vanderbilt was "too demanding to work

for" and that she stopped riding for him of her own accord. He says that his patience was exhausted and he terminated the arrangement. Whichever the reason, she made a scene at the time, cussing him out in public.

Of course, that sort of thing can be expected of Miss Smith. She is consistent in the sense that she has always been given to temperamental excess, in good times and bad. "I make my own conflicts," she says evenly. Two years ago she flew completely off the handle and lashed a Jernkens stable foreman across the face with a shank. There has been nothing as in-temperate as that recently, but Robyn continues to have a bad reputation with service employees—attendants, clerks, guards. They forgive her her ambition, reasoning that a woman could not have made it without uncommon drive, but they find her brusque, cavalier and often, to their mind, thoughtless.

Robyn protests that her singular status encourages people to judge her critically, and certainly, where female horse people are concerned, she suffers the whip of jealousy. She is, after all, living out the impossible dream of a lot of small girls who grew up to find the dream suddenly possible, but still beyond their capabilities.

"I know," Robyn says. "All my life people have said I'm not very friendly. But listen, I'm friendly with some people. I have real friends. I'm moody, but if I'm bitchy, I get it right out of my system." Indeed, she is quite as tactless with friends as with strangers, although she can be extraordinarily generous with people she cares for.

Miss Smith's disposition may be affected by the fact that she is probably very hungry almost all of the time. She nearly starves herself except for periodic eating bouts when she simply goes berserk over food—"like six ravenous wolves," according to one startled witness. Recently, for example, she devoured at a single sitting two shrimp cocktails, two orders of prime ribs and another large one of ground sirloin. On the side, she put away three-quarters of a bowl of Caesar salad. When she goes on this kind of dinner binge, she will wash it down, alternately, with white wine and Tab. The next day she dutifully returns to her starvation-pill diet.

A couple of additional pressures weigh heavily on Miss Smith. One is the press, including articles such as this one, which

she abhors. Part of the problem is caused by her rather misguided interpretation of the First Amendment. This is tied, part and parcel, to her conviction that anyone inquiring "How are you?" is prying. In support of this attitude, she believes in a policy of mystery and circumlocution which results in exactly the inverse of what she intends. That is: almost everybody who knows her is mad with curiosity about her past.

In Miss Smith's behalf it should be stated that she has not been treated with much sensitivity by the press, which invariably has dismissed her as a cliché: FORMER HOLLYWOOD STARLET MAKES GOOD AS HARDBOOT. In almost every story about her, the most meaningful inquiries have dealt with how much profanity the male jockeys employ in her presence. Has the Washington press regularly asked Margaret Chase Smith if the guys tone it down on her behalf in the cloakroom? Otherwise, it has all been straight out of the Tupperware school: Yes, girls, jockettes put their pantie hose on one leg at a time, too. "I just hate it," Robyn says, with considerable justification.

She can be taken pretty much at face value when she says that she does not want publicity. She has turned down endorsement offers primarily because she doesn't give a hoot. "I'm going to be highly successful," she declares, with all the emotion one would employ in ordering at McDonald's, "so there'll be a much more interesting life for them to write about 10 years from now. But the main thing is I just don't want to do it, so I'm not going to. I just want to ride."

Unfortunately for Robyn, besides the professional prying she has also attracted rumor and gossip on an amateur basis. In an unwelcome tribute to her special celebrity status, the track abounds with Robyn stories which are labeled just that, as in: "Want to hear a new Robyn story?" She is never Miss Smith or Smith in the track vernacular; always Robyn or Robynsmith, run together, and occasionally The Bitch. The latter title is not pejorative, only vulgar recognition of the fact that she is the one member of her gender regularly around. (If somebody says "that bitch," however, well, that is a horse of another color.)

Not only are there Robyn stories, but there are Robyn jokes, which are less malicious, if not more amusing. Sample:

Did you hear Robyn took off her bikini top at the pool and was arrested for indecent exposure? No, what happened? They dismissed the case because of insufficient evidence.

When Alfred Vanderbilt began to be seen regularly in her company, the Robyn stories really began to run away with themselves. Vanderbilt, 58, a member of The Jockey Club, on a third marriage, was as easy a target for innuendo as his rider. No one could resist at least some maiden-aunt snickering about the patrician millionaire owner and his beautiful mystery woman jockey.

In truth, there was much less there than met the eye. Vanderbilt may have acted a little teen-age silly about Robyn, but even with all the gossip that she was going to cost him his job as head of the NYRA, he was sincerely devoted to her best interests. Robyn used to get peeved at Vanderbilt sometimes because she thought he was snooping—she thinks everybody is snooping—but she certainly appeared to appreciate Vanderbilt's efforts on her behalf.

"Yeah, I know what they're all saying," she said firmly when the rumors about her and her boss were everywhere. "I'm used to it. It's just a, well, more of a daughter thing. I mean, there's no romance. Look, I'm a whole lot closer to Mrs. Vanderbilt than I am to Mr. Vanderbilt. You ever heard that? No, because nobody wants to hear that. But I think Mr. Vanderbilt is a wonderful man. There's no one nicer!" It was but a few weeks later, after he took her off his horses, that she was loudly ranting at Vanderbilt in a well-populated Aqueduct corridor.

Thus, while the criticism of Robyn is often cruel and unfounded, she hurts her reputation with her temper and her vague, devious, even fictional responses. Particularly, after both the Stanford and MGM claims turned out to be so much poppycock, Miss Smith became fair game for closer scrutiny. The bald facts are that there is no record of any Robyn Caroline Smith (or anyone like that) born in San Francisco when she claims—Aug. 14, 1944, nor for several years on either side of that date. Nor does any person with that name seem to have attended school in Hawaii, where Robyn says she grew up. Clearly, either the rest of her authorized life history is as bogus as the college-Hollywood malarkey, or she has adopted a new name.

continued

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BEAUTY continued

The irony in all this mystery is that no one who knows Robyn well thinks she is hiding anything deep and dark in her past. The feeling is that she probably is just making a harmless retreat from a life that was sad or drab or both. *There will be a much more interesting life for them to write about 10 years from now.* Some friends suspect that she came from a broken home or possibly was an orphan. Others think she may have endured a bad marriage during that blank period when she was supposed to have been an English major at Palo Alto. Robyn says she has no living relatives. By her spare account, her parents both died of natural causes a couple of years ago.

Nonetheless, the one constant, if vague, reference point in her allusions to her childhood is a strong, magnanimous father whom Robyn reluctantly identifies (this time) as a wealthy lumberman. Robyn's father pops up in her rare off-guard recollections only to give her things or to take her places, such as on hunting trips or on wonderful boats. Sometimes the father is referred to as a stepfather or uncle. He never has a name.

Asked about the "y" in her name, she declares without equivocation that it is "the girl's way" of spelling Robin. Oh. The birth date on her jockey's license makes her 28 in two weeks, though it is possible that she cheated a little when she first applied for a license, claiming her age was 24. Vanity aside, there could be a good reason for that, since no one over 25 can ride as an apprentice. Anything is possible. Maybe she is 16. Maybe she is Anastasia. Who really knows anything about Robyn Caroline Smith's past except that somehow it pains her?

Despite all her historical camouflage, Robyn is usually the very model of candor. She is bold and straightforward in expressing her views and unafraid to stand by herself. She is the classic example of what a modern woman who so desires can be—free and competitive. One major contradiction of the feminist movement is that the women in its forefront seek a society based on merit, where sex is no factor, but they have become professional females themselves. Gloria Steinem is much more defined by her sex than all the Fab housewives she is fighting to save. By contrast, and without surrendering any of her femininity except perhaps a couple of unimportant

inches off her bust line, Robyn Smith is the true brave new woman.

"I never think of myself as making progress on behalf of anybody but myself," she says. "I have no interest whatsoever in the women's movement except in the sense that I believe everybody should have the right to do what they want to do. I don't want to invade a man's world. I just want to ride horses. I'm not out to prove anything."

Yet Robyn's uncommon success has made her a symbol, whether she likes it or not. Among other things, it has caused a great many knowledgeable people in racing to speculate about a time, say within a generation or so, when a substantial minority, or even a majority, of race riders in America will be female. This theory has a persuasive socioeconomic base to it. The success and proliferation in the U.S. of Latin American riders—usually referred to around the track as "the Spanish boys"—has come about because most American men have grown too large for riding and too soft to put up with the grueling 19th century apprenticeship which is based on the postulate that to be a good rider a boy must first become proficient in mucking out stalls. Inherent in the hypothesis that women will dominate the jockey ranks is the suggestion that American women are really a breed apart from American men—a smaller, disadvantaged race, just like the Spanish boys.

It is a very neat, plausible forecast; Robyn thinks the whole thing is so much bunk. "I don't want to talk against women," she says, "but most just cannot ride a racehorse. There's something lacking, and as far as I can tell it's a combination of both the mental and the physical thing. Mostly it's a lack of coordination, I guess. From the time I was a little teeny girl, I could always throw a baseball like a boy." To leave no room for doubt, she patronized a smooth overhead delivery. "But you know how most women throw." She acted out a jerky pitch. "I don't know why that is. It's the same way with riding a horse, though. Most women can't do it right."

"The trouble is that the women who generally would be best at riding are the big heavy broads who could never make the weight." She paused and thought about this for a moment. "You're just not going to find a lot of women like me," Robyn said.

You should see her now.

END

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They never said die —and didn't

Anyone who has watched his favorite baseball team wallow through the late innings of a hopelessly lost game knows the feeling perfectly. Does one leave now and escape further humiliation, or wait till the end out of an irrational hope for the Big Rally? The 1,250 paying customers at Cleveland's old League Park were facing such a dilemma on the afternoon of May 23, 1901.

It was the first season of the American League, and many of the contests had a kind of expansion-team looseness to them. Even so, Cleveland's game against the Washington Senators that day had been a shambles. A five-run Washington second inning had been followed by a Senator run in the fourth and three more in the fifth, before Cleveland had managed to push across four runs of its own. But then the Senators put things out of reach again by scoring two each in the top of the seventh and ninth. The Blues, as Cleveland was called in those days (they became Indians in 1915), had added one more in the bottom of the eighth, but as the Senators took the field with a 13-5 lead in the last of the ninth, the dazed and frustrated crowd was thinning fast.

The first two batters for Cleveland did nothing to slow the exodus. Pitcher Bill (Wizard) Hoffer, who had hardly lived up to his nickname in going the distance for Cleveland, was scheduled to lead off. In a mood of sadism or resignation, Manager Jimmy McAleer decided to let the hapless pitcher hit for himself, and, as Hoffer stepped up, the crowd let him know how it felt about his performance that day.

"Win your own game!" came one heartfelt cry. "Hit 'er out and run around nine times!" someone suggested. Wizard fanned.

Ollie Pickering, the Blues' rightfielder, stepped in next and promptly grounded out. The crowd now dwindled to the irreducible minimum, the kind of spectators who persist in believing that ball games are not over till the last out is made. On this day, at least, they were right.

Senator Pitcher Case Patten could be forgiven if he suffered a slight mental lapse at this point, since he was leading by eight runs with two out. Facing left-handed-hitting Jack McCarthy, Patten gave up a single to right field. Then, to Third Baseman Bill Bradley, he gave up

another. No matter. The next batter, Candy LaChance, took cuts at two bad pitches and now Patten was only one strike away from victory. But LaChance hung in there and managed to punch out a single to center field. McCarthy scored. That made it 13-6.

The three back-to-back singles temporarily stanchied the flow of fans to the exits, and now Catcher Bob Wood stepped up. Patten stretched and threw. The pitch was wild, hitting Wood and filling the bases. The surprised Cleveland crowd began to cheer a little, and then to scream as Shortstop Frank Scheibeck pulled a line drive down the left-field line for a double, bringing in Bradley and LaChance. The score was now Senators 13, Blues 8. Wyatt Lee, another southpaw, began warming up in the Washington bullpen.

Frenchy Genins, the Cleveland centerfielder, batted in run No. 9 with another single, sending Scheibeck to third and bringing Wyatt Lee to the mound. The first man he faced was Truck Eagan, the Blues' second baseman, who took a base on balls, bringing up the pitcher's spot.

With the margin now cut to four runs, McAleer sent up pinch hitter Dutch Beck, who ended the 1901 season with a solid .289 batting average. Beck hit the ball far into left field. Washington Leftfielder Pop Foster sprinted back for the drive, but it fell in for a double, scoring all three Blues base runners. And now, incredibly, Cleveland trailed by only one run, 13-12, with a man in scoring position.

Hats, umbrellas, seat cushions and canes filled the air over League Park, and some of the spectators who had been heading out turned the other way and swarmed onto the playing field. The umpire called time until the crowd got back into the stands, which it finally did when he threatened to forfeit the

game to Washington unless order was restored.

Pickering came to bat next, his second time up that inning, and smashed the ball far into center field. The hit made Cleveland fans pay for their earlier exuberance. Instead of having a triple, Pickering was forced to return to first with a ground-rules single when the ball rolled among some fans still lingering against the center-field wall after the earlier melee. In any case, Beck crossed the plate and now the score was tied at 13.

The dazed Senators tried to pull themselves together. Catcher Mike Grady tried too hard; on Lee's first pitch to the next batter, Jack McCarthy, Grady let the ball slip past him, Pickering moving to second. The cheering was now loud and sustained, and, if it was not enough to shred the Senators' aplomb, perhaps the man at bat was. He was to play the role of a kind of Casey-at-the-bat in reverse.

McCarthy, a compact (5'9", 155 pounds) outfielder, had batted .294 in 1900 and was on his way to a .321 season in 1901. He had also stolen 22 bases the year before, but his base-running ability was not at issue today. Everything in that department would be up to Pickering who was at second.

After Grady's passed ball, Washington Manager Jimmy Manning came to the mound for a conference with his battery. Whatever their strategy, it did not work. On his next pitch to McCarthy, Lee hung a curve on the outside corner, which the batter drove safely into left field. Pickering, off with the pitch, was halfway home before the throw started in from the outfield. By the time it arrived, Pickering had crossed the plate with the inning's ninth, and winning, run. Needless to say, the Blues fans exploded. As for those who had left the park prematurely, it is a safe bet most of them never admitted the fact later.

Only once since that May afternoon in 1901 has a team scored as many runs in a single inning after two men were out and none on base (the other occasion occurring, oddly enough, just 10 days later, on June 2, 1901, when Boston beat Milwaukee 13-2). But never has such a rally won a ball game. Clearly, it was not the game to abandon before the last out was made. Which, in fact, it never was.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE

Sirs:

We took the Bill Gilbert *Pack Up Your Troubles* (July 17) with us—torn out of the magazine to save weight—so read during our brouhaha at 7,600 feet as part of a north-side summit attempt on Mount Hood last weekend. Maybe we appreciated it especially because we are former equipment freaks, but we laughed so hard we almost collapsed.

CHARLES ROSEBERRY
MIKE COLLINS

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert's piece was one of the worst I have ever seen in your magazine. It may have been written to warn tenderfoot hikers about carrying too much, but in the end it turned into a grand out-cup of experienced and intermediate hikers, the latter of which I consider myself to be. I also put a lot of faith in camp equipment stores, because in all the times I have bought equipment I have never been steered wrong by descriptions or fancy talk about how good a product was and then had it turn out to be a lemon. Maybe Mr. Gilbert should take another look at camping and hiking before he writes another article for you.

DAVE McKELCHIE

Pomfret Center, Conn.

Sirs:

When I read Mr. Gilbert's article on backpacking, I was horrified at the realization that my wife and I, on a recent trip to the Tetons, had blatantly violated so many of his rules for backpacking.

We had brought: 1) a tent, 2) down sleeping bags, 3) cooking apparatus, 4) cold-weather gear, 5) a change of clothes. We also: 1) kept reasonably clean, 2) ate decent food, 3) did not enter the woods "with a stoical attitude and in a mood of resignation."

Yet, it seemed like we had such an enjoyable time of it.

Where did we go wrong?

EDWARD A. GRANT

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

No doubt Mr. Gilbert's article will open the door to overwhelming indignation from my fellow backpackers. One can live for some time on the trail—eating well, keeping clean and not being miserable—all with a 35-pound pack.

I suspect Mr. Gilbert is a rank amateur at packing if he has not heard of waterproof tents, less than three pounds in weight, miniature superlightweight stoves or light-

weight, tasty freeze-dried foods. We experienced campers do not enter the woods with "a stoical attitude and in a mood of resignation." Nor do we make wood fires or generally run the environment.

Mr. Gilbert is the kind of camper that we backpackers resent.

W. C. SWAIN

Marietta, Ga.

Sirs:

Bill Gilbert hits the nail on the head. In California stores start displaying their camping wares in early spring, so to Gilbert's rules I would add at least one more: go late. The High-Camp stores and High Campers themselves sell all the glory of a nice three-day hike at 9,000 feet (or higher) in the spring. What they leave out is that in the Sierras you are guaranteed a snow-covered trail and campsite at least until June. And as the snow runs off, the mosquitoes take over. Add to that the high-running streams and it is easy to see why so many are discouraged.

What so few bug toters fail to recognize is that it's work! Perhaps if a few more started out with that thought in mind (rather than the glories of living by Lake Gelutich, which is sterile anyway), we might begin seeing a few more pragmatic campers and reduce the overpopulation in the back country.

I do disagree about the stove. I use a little blue butane stove, and it is handier for me than balancing the pot on a pile of unsteady rocks.

W. STUART HOME

Fresno, Calif.

DOUBLE FAULT

Sirs:

Evonne Goolagong wins at Wimbledon and is featured on your July 12, 1971 cover. This year America wins both the men's and women's singles at Wimbledon and Jim Ryun is featured.

A grave injustice to Billie Jean, Sam and U.S. tennis fans.

JOHN R. MOLESNAUER

Charlottesville, Pa.

RODD BLUES

Sirs:

Your story about Ralph Nader's visit to Australia (*People*, July 17) contains a very inaccurate statement that requires correction. It is simply not true that "the big reds and grays [kangaroos] that are killed for pet food and hides are not disappearing—yet—in places like New South Wales."

In fact, available scientific evidence, almost without exception, indicates that the larger species of kangaroo is being wiped

out at a rate that will soon bring about its final extinction.

By annually importing between 500,000 and a million kangaroo pelts, the U.S. has created a tremendous incentive for the slaughter of these gentle, defenseless creatures. Although imports of products from threatened animals are banned by the Endangered Species Conservation Act of 1969, Secretary of Interior Rogers Morton has so far refused to add the kangaroo to his department's endangered-species list, which would give an immediate respite to these hard-pressed animals.

LEWIS ROSENTHAL
National Director
The Fund for Animals

Washington

GRADUATES (CONT.)

Sirs:

John Underwood's account of his interviews with the Cornhusker graduates (*The Graduates*, July 3) was deeply moving with some of its stark reality, and the contrast between the two Woody Cox pictures (football player, choir-headed student) told it all. It is this type of feature and excerpts from books like *End Zone* that inspire us lowly high school athletes and make SI uniquely superior in its field.

HANK ROSENFIELD

Detroit

OLYMPIC HEIGHTS

Sirs:

Thank you for a great article on the 1972 Olympic Track and Field Trials (*The High and the Mighty*, June 17), a very competitive and surprising meet in which many new champions arose. I am delighted by Jim Ryun's resurgence. After watching him struggle at the beginning of the year, it is gratifying to watch him become a winner again.

The cover picture was a masterpiece, just as was the one of Ryun and Marty Liquori battling it out last year.

DAVID BARBER

Presidents

Sirs:

It seems that you left out the most physically demanding event, the decathlon. Jeff Bannister, for people who might not know, won it with the highest total this year.

Bannister was trying for the Olympics in 1968 when his pole broke in the vault event and the accident had him up for a long wait. He, too, like Ryun, had a block to overcome—a knee operation in 1970. I guess we will have to wait until he wins in Munich to see if he receives any publicity.

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19TH HOLE *roundup*

Sirs:

Your article by Jerry Kirshenbaum (*The Girls Are Off and Wingin', Too*, July 17) was interesting, with good local color. There were indeed many exciting moments and outstanding performances at the Women's Olympic Trials. Nevertheless, I must register a sour note on the very poor manner in which spectators and athletes were kept informed of the action. My sympathy goes to perhaps 90% of the fans at Frederick who did not have Kirshenbaum's background or vantage point. Without a stopwatch, program, binoculars, patience and a knowledgeable person next to them, they probably left Thomas Johnson High with the impression that women's track and field is slow-moving and unexciting. The announcer, with his long periods of silence and his obvious lack of enthusiasm and competency, was a disgrace. The spectators' knowledge of field-event action was further hindered because no field-event indicator boards were used to show names and performances.

BILL WYAR

Greenbelt, Md.

Sirs:

I feel you did an injustice to a very fine 1,500-meter runner by saying only that she "broke her own American record with 4:10.4." Comparatively speaking, Francie Larrew's time was much better than Jim Ryun's 3:41.5 (to which you gave more than a page of ink and a cover picture) and was equally satisfying.

JIM BAUGUS

Wynne, Ark.

AN OLD PRO'S WAY

Sirs:

I agree with some of what Johnny Unitas had to say (*The How To, Who To and When*, July 10), but disagree with him on other points. Johnny, like all quarterbacks, does what he does naturally and does it very well. Because of this I have coined an expression about quarterbacks and coaches, "They don't know what they don't know." I mean, they do not realize the mistakes they make and therefore cannot correct them.

When Johnny retreats from the center to a point seven yards back, he plants his right foot to stop his backward progress, which causes his body to be inclined forward. Notice this in your picture. In order to get himself in a position to have his weight on his right foot and be "behind" the ball, he has to take the two steps ahead into the pocket. He does this naturally, no one taught him this. He could save the two steps and the time by landing on the ball of his right foot seven yards back. He then would be able to raise his left leg to get his trajectory on the ball.

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Johnny writes of the follow-through with his right leg coming around like a pitcher's when he comes down off the mound. I wholeheartedly disagree. With the follow-through, the leg should be toward the line of the receiver, and both knees should be bent. This keeps the passer in the plane of the receiver for accuracy and puts him a yard ahead with his body slightly bent to make less of a target for the pass rushers.

I also disagree emphatically about how Johnny throws his long passes by aiming at a spot 10 yards ahead of his receiver. This is guessing and is what causes so many long incomplete passes. What should be done, and it is what I teach my boys, is to understand that as your head there is a computer. As a passer sees his receiver going downfield, three factors are fed into the computer: direction, distance and speed of the receiver. He then will automatically compute the lead and should throw the ball at the receiver, like a man shooting birds, and be on target. You throw the ball to the receiver. I have taught this to Roger Staubach.

I think I know more about passing and quarterbacking than any man. I did pass—three years at college and seven as a pro—and I have studied passing with Fielding Yost, the best coach in football. Johnny is a natural and like so many others has done very well. But they make mistakes and don't know they are making them.

BENNY FREEDMAN

New York City

Sirs:

I read with interest your down-home, folksy LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER about Gwilym S. Brown, who wrote the instructional article about Johnny Unitas' passing techniques. Upon turning to the story, I found that you neglected to tell the reader who the illustrator was.

CHRIS PEARSON

Mount Vernon, Ill.

* Artist Francis Golden also noticed the omission.—ED.

BOTTOMS UP

Sirs:

You'll probably get a lot of static out of it, but this reader's opinion is that *Bottoms Up to the Bottom-Fishing Huile* (July 10) was a most enjoyable article.

A hearty pat on the back to George Packard for a funny and entertaining piece of writing. And a good-natured punch on the arm to SI for having the imagination to print a report on that most popular and widely embraced of sports, the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Few men can throw the game-winning touchdown pass, but we can all pull the ring and chew the ice cube.

MILT JUPA

Portland, Ore.

continued

2:40
Just lie there and half open one eye

It's warm in bed, it's snug and cozy, you are half-asleep awake and in the closing chapter of a comforting dream. Is there time enough to let it spin out and sink back into deep slumber again or must you take your seat? Don't wake yourself (and half open one eye and see the exact time displayed on the ceiling—VIEW ALARM CLOCK for you—digital, of course. That's a neat idea. It really has a better idea. It's a really stylish in lucite and simulated walnut, measures 2 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 6 1/2" and complements any decor. But the really smart thing is that "read-out" on the ceiling—lets you, through half closed lids and without ever stirring, what time it is. And if you can't make it quite on your own, there is always that alarm that will get you to work or to the church on time (110V house current.)



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19TH HOLE continued

YAZ SIR

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed Ron Reid's article (*Yaz, We Have No Grand-Slammers*, July 10). For the first time in a long time, credit was finally given to an underrated man. How quickly we forget 1967 when he tied for home-run champion.

Yaz is the best all-round player in the game today. His fielding has been outstanding; at the plate, he has been slow coming around from an injured knee. When Yaz has his best possible year, the Red Sox will be world champs.

LARRY PRINCE

Franklin, N.H.

OLD GLORY

Sir:

I wish to praise the superb way in which the realism of the present versus the surrealism of past and momentary glory was acutely covered in *After the Golden Measure* (July 17). Through specific examples, one could see how glory need not be followed by fame or happiness.

Life must go on after the glory has ceased, but for many it does not because they wish to retain the past, which has slipped from their grasp. Perhaps this article will help the average athlete accept his mediocrity and realize that it is not always great to be "great."

DIKE FIRST

Baltimore

Sir:

How timely and appropriate was William Johnson's article (*The Taking Part*, July 10) concerning the rejuvenation of the Olympic Games and the important role played by that doughty Frenchman, Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Within the very hour of the arrival of this issue, I was discussing with my graduate class in the history of physical education de Coubertin and his dreams of the value of internationalism in sports through the revival of the Olympics.

Maria, his cynical and eventually centenarian wife, may have been upset that "not one time did they mention your name during the ceremonies" at the first modern Olympic Games, but perhaps she will rest easier knowing that, for a fleeting moment, her husband's name flashed across the historical horizon in college courses in the history of physical education.

H. DONALD LUCKS
Professor of Physical Education
Florida State University

Tallahassee, Fla.

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